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TOC H AND THE NATIONAL CRISIS

THE events of the last few weeks have rather taken our breath away. We are still a trifle dazed and have hardly got beyond the stage of feeling our pockets and wondering how much more we have got to pay. But every day it is becoming clearer that success in facing our national emergency will depend in the last resort not on financial measures alone, but on the spirit of the people.

The winter is going to be a difficult one. It will press hard on the spirits of all, it will press hardest on those who because they are sick or out of work or youngsters with leisure hours to be spent either in idleness or in constructive training, will feel most acutely the cutting down of the public social services. It will make all the difference to England this winter whether its citizens spend their time with downcast eyes, turning the coppers in their pockets and gloomily wishing that they were shillings, or look up and out on their fellow men with eyes that have not lost their humour and can pass it on, and with ears keen to catch the whisper of a need that wants meeting.

In this situation Toc H can surely play a real part. The spirit it claims is precisely what the nation needs, and the greatness of its claim is the measure of its responsibility. Where cheerfulness is needed, Toc H **must** supply it, however hard that may be for some of us to do; where service is needed that boys may grow straight for the more hopeful morrow, or that the sick or lonely may receive the boon of friendship, Toc H must be ready. There will be much need for overtime in voluntary service this winter.

It is not possible now, when the October JOURNAL goes to press, to foresee or try to state in detail where and in what way the needs will come to each unit and member of the Family. But come they will to each and all of us, in one way or another. It will be well for Toc H, and we dare to say for England too, if when the call comes we are found with lamps lit, loins girded, staff in hand, ready for a journey that will brook no delay and may be fraught with tremendous consequences in the years ahead.



RIP VAN WINKLE AT A GUEST-NIGHT

A talk given to the Group at Eton College, which merits the attention of a wider audience.

LAST night I dreamed a dream. I had come to talk to a certain family of Toc H, and was so carried away by my own eloquence that I lost all sense of time and when my talk was ended I found that I had been on my feet for fifty years! You can imagine the change that had taken place in my audience. Before me sat, rather drowsily, a company of distinguished looking men, and amongst them a Prime Minister, the Chairman of our largest industrial combine, a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and a very venerable Archbishop; and in a corner fast asleep, a one-time Headmaster of Eton, retired these twenty-five years. And then the maid brought the tea and I woke up, and came back to earth with a bump, realising the responsibility that rests on anyone who comes to talk to Toc H here. I scrapped my original notes at once, and what I say to you now is addressed to those grey-headed and distinguished men who fifty years back were members and probationers of Toc H.

Mr. Prime Minister, how are things with you these days? Is politics still the ungrateful business it used to be? You have given a long life to the service of your Country, and paid a generous rent for your room on earth. I wonder if you will receive a Nation's gratitude instead of the thanks only of your own party. Years ago, when I was a young man, our Country was torn in two at election times by the narrow-minded selfishness and prejudices of party politics just at those times when calm and intelligent fair-minded thinking was the Nation's greatest need. Are things better now? Do your people realise the responsibilities of citizenship? Do men still forget that he who takes no active interest in politics has no right to grouse about his government and his rates and taxes? I had great hopes years ago of a thing which was called Toc H. Has the political life of your Country received from Toc H the three things which are its greatest need: the energy and enthusiasm of youth; the habit of fair thinking; the gift of Leadership? Or is Toc H keeping these things for itself, forgetting the words of our beloved King when, as a young man, he spoke of Toc H as "A power house for helping others"—not itself. I wonder!

And you, Sir, the greatest of Industrial magnates. What of your fifty years of combines and cartels—of so-called increased efficiency? You fly every Friday night to your week-end cottage in the South of France—and no one blames you for it. But do you ever think of the "acid-test" of your success? You control the welfare of more than 50,000 men and women, and their families. Are they really happy in their work for you? Are they in their happiness giving of their best, for nothing less will suffice to bring our Country through her troubles? Last week you spoke with pride about your dividends, and said nothing of your workmen's homes—or lack of them. Last night I read a little book—written sixty years ago, and came across these words: "The only dividends God cares about are changed and better lives, lifted from idleness to eagerness, from listlessness to love." They called him Tubby. He lies in All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, where his spirit carries on his work.

What of the young boys who join your firms from Public and from National Schools? Do they know anything of your business beyond their own departments? You meet your shareholders once a year—why not your own employees? When I was young we knew much of monotony and unnecessary discouragement. Are things better than the old bad days of 1931, and those years before Toc H was born?

Peace—A Fear of War or a Fellowship of Nations?

Our Foreign Secretary is not so easy to recognise from my dream, but I think I see him over there. Fifty years ago you hardly knew such people existed. To-day you realise the responsibility that is yours, and how great or small can be your service to mankind. You have scraped through sixty years without a big war, chiefly because the generation that has passed had had enough. The League of Nations has done great work—it stands as the noblest memorial to those who died to build a better world. But have you yourself yet realised where the true foundations of peace really lie? Fifty years ago there lived a young man called Barclay Baron, known to a multitude of friends in Toc H as “Barkis.” I knew of none more willing to give himself for others, and of the many things he wrote, these words I best remember:

“To conquer hate would be to end the strife of all ages, but for men to know one another is not difficult and it is half the battle.”

There lies the secret, but the knowledge of which he speaks needs effort and a will and this lies in the hands of those who teach and write and speak and in other ways influence what we call public opinion. Why cannot Church and State take courage in their hearts and declare and prove to all the world that the League of Nations is just Christianity in its simplest form—extended to international affairs—our first hope and our last? This cause of peace, “greatest of all crusades,” needs all that is best in Toc H because on its success all that we hold dear depends.

My mention of the Church brings me back to you, Sir, its great leader, but, in your wisdom, yourself the humblest of men. How are things with the old Church you have served so well? Do those in humbler state below you realise the great simplicity of our Faith? Are they still concentrating their ministry on the “grown-ups” and especially the so-called “respectable” ones, forgetting that their most important work lies amongst children? I remember well a former Vicar of St. Martin’s reminding his wireless listeners that Christ took a little child and put it before the grown-ups and told them that if they would enter Heaven they *must* become as the little child. And ever since then the grown-ups have tried to reverse matters and have miserably failed.

Surely, there lies the widest field for those in Toc H who would do God’s work—the giving to children in their early years a right idea of what we call religion: services which they can understand and enjoy, church-going for the love of it rather than as a compulsory duty, the worship of the country-side and beauty, truth and goodness, wherever it is found. Such things are not the least of those which come under your wise leadership.

I've tried, in jesting mood, to speak to you of things which mean so much. Tubby, in speaking of our economic and industrial troubles, spoke of England as the World's greatest exporter of ideas—and I think he meant also of ideals. To you and me who are still young, is not Toc H the greatest of all these?

And yet we must remember that it is a power house for helping others, not ourselves. The spirit of service which we learn in Toc H we must pass on to those phases of our National life where Toc H ideas and ideals are needed most, politics, industry, the cause of World Peace, Church and Education—they all need youth, the habit of fair thinking, and the great gift of Leadership so much. Toc H can give these to England—you can give them to Toc H.

B. T. D.

AMERICA AND TOC H: FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The Hon. Secretary of the Schools Section, lately returned from America, sets down some impressions.

SOME years ago a well-known British politician spent six weeks in India. He came home and wrote a book to tell his fellow-countrymen, including those who had spent their lives in service to India, what to do and how to do it. In six weeks he "knew it all." When one is asked to write one's impressions of great lands like the United States and Canada on the strength of a hurried fortnight in each, one fears the same disastrous assumption of omniscience. Obviously so casual a visitor can only hope to skim the surface and a tiny fraction of the surface at that. If he has penetrated at all into the essential spirit of either land, it can only be by what he has learnt from the men he met. What is here written must therefore be taken as the first reaction of a strange mind to an almost overwhelmingly new experience.

The writer came to America to attend the twenty-fifth Annual Convention of the Boys' Club Federation of America at Washington. Geographically he had a glimpse of New York, a few days at Harvard, short visits to some of the cities and the countryside of New England, an evening in Baltimore, and Washington itself. Little enough in all conscience. But the range of men was far wider. The Boys' Club men came from all over the States, and from Canada, too. Business men who are heart and soul in this business, because they see its possibilities for the rising generation, and the club directors and superintendents, keen and knowledgeable, few of them amateurs such as we are accustomed to in the old country, but giving the best of their brains and character to a fine profession, just as do the parson and the doctor. The Boys' Club movement in Canada and the States is doing a great piece of work, but it is largely, and properly, working out its own methods to meet its own conditions. It is a constructive answer to the problem of juvenile crime, but, above all, it is, particularly south of the border, engaged on the tremendous and vital task of welding into a nation racial elements of very different origin and traditions. In England that process was accomplished so long ago that it was only with conscious affectation that Tennyson could write "Norman and Saxon and Dane are we." In America the same process of amalgamation of different stocks which gave the world nearly a

thousand years ago the wealth of habit and tradition, sentiment and idea, character and achievement that is called "Anglo-Saxon," is being worked out again on a colossal scale. No Englishman with any knowledge of the history of his own nation can look on it with other than intense and sympathetic interest and a deep appreciation of its vital importance to the history of the world.

That is the impression that the United States makes on the new observer. Youth coming to maturity, with all its energy, its enthusiasms, and its inevitable mistakes, youth checked at the moment and perhaps unduly cast down by the world's present economic tangle, but certainly not lacking in the forward-looking qualities, the capacity to learn by mistakes and the determination to go forward, which are youth's eternal assets. Those who study America should think less of past history and more of future potentialities.

The same is true, though with different emphasis, of Canada, so far as the writer was privileged to see it. His journeyings there reached only from Nova Scotia to Toronto, with a final and ineffable memory of the great St. Lawrence waterway. Canada, though less advanced economically than the United States, is more closely knit to the Anglo-Saxon tradition, except of course in Quebec, and has a much smaller problem to face in regard to the assimilation of other racial stocks. Its potentialities are enormous, its qualities of youthful energy comparable with those of the United States, though with an individuality all its own.

A Wider Loyalty

What has Toc H to offer that can be of help to these two maturing nations, so different in history and in many other ways, yet each deriving the main flow of its cultural life from the same ultimate spring among the great sources of the world? In both Toc H is as yet a tender plant, its scattered roots showing only here and there above the surface. Yet the Toc H plant, though it has sprung first from English roots, and has not yet developed, as it *must*, distinct American varieties, gets its nourishment from a soil that is not lacking, either in Canada or in the States. It seems to the writer—and, greatly daring, he ventures to set it down—that the special contributions which Toc H has to offer in the New World may well be this. Maturing nations have as one of their most formidable problems, accentuated on the American continent by great distances as well as other causes, the necessity of bridging the gap between the mass of isolated individuals and the conception of the nation as one. The method of Toc H, uniting scattered and often dissimilar individuals into a sort of enlarged family, widening both outlook and sense of responsibility, may here help to supply a vital link. The notions of fellowship and service, once evoked, should not, if Toc H is true to its task, stop at the local unit, nor even at the borders of the Toc H brotherhood. Once men have grasped the value of these things in human life, there is no logical stopping place short of the nation itself, and ultimately of that supra-national unity, far descried yet clearly seen, which men call the Kingdom of God on earth.

H. A. S.

“THREE MEN SHORT!”

HERE is a parable. It bears no resemblance to Nathan's, but if told and explained by the same method may propel its meaning with the same bullet shock that was felt by David.

On a certain Friday evening a football team, due to play an important match on the following day, was for various reasons three men short. The perplexed captain met one of the hangers-on of the club, a cheery fat man, full of vapid affability and thoughtless optimism. This man, on learning of the difficulty, said: “Ah! that's all right! don't you worry! I know three first-class players—I'll get them for you and bring them along to the ground at 2.30. There's Bill Bucklebone, who only lives at Bramlingham, and Dummy Seller...” He dilated on the prowess of his friends and the captain thanked him and went to bed. Saturday came and 2.30. When the captain was counting up his team the affable man arrived in a car, just as affable as before, and there crawled forth from the car a thin pale youth. “There,” said the affable man, “I've brought you a friend of mine who wants a game: Bill's away on holiday.” “But you promised to bring two more,” said the captain. “Oh no!” said the affable man, somewhat righteously pained, “I said it might be possible, but I'm sure I never...”

So they did not play a full team.

What are you going to do with the affable man? By “you” I mean Toc H regarded as one person. People even in David's time would not have “surely died” for such an offence. But you will certainly prescribe something drastic enough to shatter an affability so hollow; and if I may decide so much on your behalf, now has come the time for me to pull the trigger. “Thou art the man!”

Is Toc H Pulling its Weight?

We have proclaimed ourselves as follows: In “What is Toc H?” “*Toc H sets out to be a fellowship . . . Toc H sets out to do service.*” In “A Few Facts,” “*Each member in Toc H pledges himself to fellowship with other men and to the service of those less fortunate than he.*”

The captain in the parable is the world interested in social service. The affable man is Toc H as a whole, which has thus declared itself and used expressions like “power-house,” so leading the world, whose social service team is short, to expect help. The thin man who crawled out of the car is the amount of help actually given. Toc H is growing very large, but the social service team is still short. Toc H has spent much energy on training for Fellowship: it has not trained men for service: it set out to walk on two legs: it is only hopping on one.

To this humiliating conclusion we were led at the Staff Conference by many clear instances of the opinions of men actively engaged in social service, that “Toc H lets you down.” It was pointed out that “we had supplied to the industry of social service men who had neither the knowledge to handle the

machines (of club or scout troop) nor had even absorbed the ideal of service fully enough to be good timekeepers." There was nobody present who did not feel that, in general, these things were true, and that we must either abandon all claims to be a body that "sets out to do service" or else do it more adequately.

Fellowship in Service

It was not difficult to decide which of these alternatives to adopt. If we abandoned "Service" and retained "Fellowship" by itself, how should we be distinguished in essentials from other fellowships that thrive on sporty jargon, open exhausts and cocktails, from which it is difficult to see how fair thinking is especially promoted or the Kingdom of God furthered? Fellowship by itself, being negative as far as ultimate objects are concerned, is of but little use as a separate Point of the Compass, and they should be understood not as two points, Fellowship and Service, but as one, Fellowship in Service.

Our Service *must* therefore be set to rights. But wherein exactly is it wrong, so that people have been able with justification to declare "Toc H lets you down"? It was decided that, where permanent jobs were concerned, our service in general bore the marks of fatigue, as one who moves with effort, but has lost the vision and forgotten the reason for moving and drudgingly plods on, the mind in it soon finding an excuse to stop. This fatigue was attributed to a variety of reasons: the preoccupation of younger members with their own work, coupled with an impression that permanent jobs are far more of an enslavement than they really need be; a prevalent agnosticism among people who think positively and among those who do not, a weak sentimental sympathy that vanishes in the face of difficulties: also, perhaps, the too exclusive allocation of energy towards the building up of the Toc H family itself—though really this is only a less adequate way of saying that we have been walking on the one leg instead of on the two. Finally, stories were told of the dazed unhappiness that many have doubtless experienced on being put for the first time without preparation, without training, without explanation, into a room in a Boys' Club. Such, among others, were put forward as reasons why service slackened, and it will be as well to discuss them one by one.

Should Jobs "Shop" be Barred?

To counteract the young member's preoccupation with his work is not desirable or possible, but it should be made clear to him that this work for which he is paid ought above all things to be permeated with the ideal of service and also that a special job outside that work need not become a constant tyrannical or disagreeable duty. The false impression about the extent to which a job monopolises and enslaves would probably vanish if jobs were a more usual topic of conversation. I lived at a Mark for some time and noticed that the subject was tacitly understood to be taboo, although, as I ultimately discovered, nearly everyone was on a job of some kind. I also noticed that Guest-nights were never used as opportunities for discussing, or conveying information about jobs.

A stranger might have come and lived there for months, and, on the assumption that he never encountered the Jobmaster, have known nothing about jobs but for the otherwise unaccountable absence of hostellers at certain times. Presumably people shrink from talking about what they do in this way out of a sort of modesty, but I cannot believe that this reluctance is necessary, and I do feel it to be essential that the newcomer should be enlightened and have a more specific interest in service aroused, at any rate by Guest-night speakers, if not, better still, by members themselves. "The other man's story" as heard at Guest-nights, interesting as it may generally be, is often more technical than human, and very frequently arouses an interest that is too remote to have any practical outlet. What can I do about Railway Systems? What can I do even about those that work them? What can I do about the Austrian Tyrol or deep-sea fish? Yet if I were told something of housing conditions or juvenile employment, it should act as a stimulus and make me either begin to do something or continue to do something with refreshed vision. Naturally it is good to hear about deep-sea fish and the other things: it is a change: it enlarges the conceptions, and indeed one should thirst for information about all things. But the gratification of that thirst should not become an end in itself: it *must* lead to action as often as possible and the speaker who makes us do something should at any rate be more frequent than the one who arouses a mere dreamy wonderment.

The Agnostics and the Sentimentalists

With regard to agnostics and sentimentalists, if those who think positively tend to pass through a stage of agnosticism, they reach that stage by thought and worry. They would not have thought and worried unless they had correspondingly wanted to believe in something. There is then a driving-force of right motive which will find its true direction as soon as loss of self in the service of others opens its eyes. Those are in contrast to the sentimentalists, to whom, glibly capable of pious and orthodox utterances as they may be—and that is their outward mark—no permanent trust should be accorded.

Finally, unhappy experiences in the sphere of specialised service, which might very conceivably lead to an attitude of hostility towards it, and almost certainly cannot lead to a joyous continuation in it—these are the result of an unthinking forgetfulness. Young members plunge into this sphere unprepared, vague and untrained, and that is our forgetfulness, because, although we have developed a training system and are offered help by other organisations, we have not used these things for the equipment of those who would serve.

This then, briefly, is the outcome; Toc H should feel that it "is the man," the affable man of the parable. It should feel a humiliation at the inadequate fulfilment of its promises. Feeling this, it should then rectify matters, readjusting the balance by a more serious consideration of its service. Service must be brought into the light, spoken about, argued about, and lastly, but most important of all, service must be trained for.

G. K. T.

Signposts to Service

The following notes, presented to the Staff Conference at its session upon the place of jobs, serve to substantiate the foregoing article and to point a way in the future.

The Nature of the Job

I ASSUME that we can allot some of our man power in (to quote "*What is Toc H?*") "service offered to existing bodies, already in the field and hampered by lack of labourers, not the setting up of just one more competitive agency." These notes deal only with our possible contribution of this sort.

1. The world is not tired of amateurism in social service, but it is tired of incompetent amateurism. History shows that social services which began as voluntary agencies tend as they grow more complex to become professionalised. In so far as they do, they pass outside the sphere of Toc H, but far further ahead than we can see there will be ample need for the amateur. He can bring to the work the great assets of a spirit of vocation and of love in the Christian sense, but he must not think that these absolve him from the obligation to learn the A.B.C. of his job.

Categories of Jobs

2. Roughly, as far as I can see, the kind of jobs open to us may be classified thus :—

(a) The short, intensive, isolated job. (Stewarding, collecting, fetes, entertaining the Borstal trekkers, staffing camps are instances varying enormously in the demand they make but all in a single category.)

(b) The job concerned with the care of one or more individuals. (After-care of defectives, cripples, offenders, nervous or mental cases, or individuals who need help in any way.) Such jobs usually mean continued effort spread over a long period.

(c) The job concerned with the running of a social organisation. (Clubs, Scouts, Brigades are the obvious instances.) Such jobs to be of any effect must be carried on regularly for a considerable time.

Any of these jobs may, so far as the doers are concerned, be individual or collective, but classification on the above lines occurs to me more important for our present purpose.

3. Jobs in categories (b) and (c) both require an attempt by the doer to inform and train himself for the work. Each type will suit best a different type of doer, and both are obviously valuable. So far as I can see the more we can do of both the better. It is in category (a) that the danger lies. Within it lie some jobs which are of real importance. But there is a real risk that we should dissipate energy on petty jobs which are easy to organise because they only last a few days, which discourage in the doer readiness to take the strain of continued service, and may become an easy way of compounding our obligations in that sphere.

The Long or the Short Run ?

I suggest that Toc H units should be invited to scrutinise their part in such jobs closely. Jobs of this kind should only be undertaken if (a) they do not draw the energies of members away from jobs of the continuous effort type, (b) if in their nature they give opportunity for real and wide personal relationships (on this showing a street collection would not conform, but looking after show-folk during their stay in a town certainly would), (c) if they do not merely "help a worthy object" (an aim which has often been evoked to cover activities alien to the whole Toc H point of view) but are, by the nature of the jobs themselves, calculated to add to the sum total of human kindness and friendship.

4. It may be worth while to add a further point. Toc H, like all young things, is sometimes apt to think that only Toc H people can do anything really good. Hence a tendency to start a new venture, in the name of Toc H, where a real and humble study of local needs would show that the first thing to be done was to staff adequately an existing show struggling along for lack of man power. Toc H locally gets little kudos from the second method, it often is much more difficult and involves much tact. A unit likes to run its own show but by so doing it denies its own principles and stirs up local antagonisms which cramp the development of Toc H. We shall not carry others with us if we do not ourselves run true to form.

Training for the Job

1. In most recognised spheres of social service there is now a wealth of experience and a formed body of knowledge. It is not easy to get Toc H members to see that though these things are no substitute for the right spirit, they are essential to effective working. Paul was as necessary as Peter in the building up of the Christian Church. Not to recognise this is just a failure to think fairly. Deeper still, it is really a failure of Love. The man, for example, who seeks to deal with boys and will not take the trouble to learn all he can from the personal and written experience of others, is depriving those boys of something which it is in his power to give them. He loves them enough to enjoy being with them but not to think and read and learn for their sakes. Training, therefore, is no mere frill. It derives straight from the first point of the compass.

2. Where there is an organised body doing a specific type of work, Toc H should make use of its experience and endeavour to work with it in arranging training courses. The N.A.B.C. and the Scouts are both undertaking such work. Toc H should (a) provide men for their courses, (b) if the demand is sufficient, arrange with them for special courses in different localities, and (c) do what it can to provide centres and accommodation.

3. In a number of cases, especially with jobs of the "individual" type, there is no such agency. Something could be done by pooling of experience within Toc H between men engaged in similar jobs, but more important probably is the question of books.

4. Toc H should compile a list of books, especially of the simpler and more popular type, dealing with various kinds of service and should enlist the services of experts of various kinds in so doing. This information once acquired, and *kept up to date*, might be used in the following ways :—

(a) A hectographed list, not of titles alone, but with a few words about each designed to whet appetites, could be kept available and advertised to Branches. (An elementary list of this sort is already used by the Schools Section.)

(b) Study circles on a particular book or books, to be joined by men engaged in that particular type of job, might be organised more widely than at present.

(c) A lending library of a limited number of key books might be organised at Headquarters or Area headquarters. Many members would be willing to contribute a single book.

(d) The JOURNAL and local Toc H magazines might make a regular feature of articles on particular jobs, popular in tone, written by experts, and designed to lead up to further study. Too many of our articles on jobs in the past have been breezy accounts written by local enthusiasts, supplying, perhaps, an inspiration, but very little practical help to others. They induce a pleasant feeling that Toc H is a wonderful show, which, like all emotion, is unhealthy unless it is given an outlet.

5. In the last few years Toc H has tackled seriously the training of its members for the building up of Toc H. This is a development of great value, but is now equally necessary on the service side. "Training" is becoming almost a cant word in Toc H. It implies to most members a week-end to talk about Toc H. It will be a thousand pities if we allow the notion of training to stop short at what Toc H *is*, and not include in it what Toc H *does*, or what Toc H potentially might do.

H. A. S.

THROUGH THOUGHT TO ACTION

The following paper, written by H. B., the Pilot of a Group, was read to the Staff Conference (see p. 417 by the Secretary of the South Eastern Area. The ideas behind the "Fellowship Circle" (a name which surely needs improving upon) seem too suggestive not to be passed on to the rest of Toc H.

The Situation

WE have a large number of men in Toc H who find themselves in vague and general agreement with the Four Points of the Compass. They are moved by the tradition of heroism (whether war-time or other) and, by the familiar process of projection, feel that they are in a measure sharers in the great deeds, like Bill Adams at Waterloo. By all means let us cast our nets wide and wider yet for true stories of the heroic, and read these (rather than the legendary) in the Toc H JOURNAL, and hear them on big occasions. Their recital will fall on some good ground and definite results will doubtless show here and there; but we are so fatally used to the dramatic which ends with the curtain, that we forget the rule "no expression, no permanent impression." Surely the genius of Toc H is to escape the stage and platform tradition with its applause for oratory, and find the fireside or the *al fresco* circle of real honesty and intimacy.

What tends to happen in our units when it comes to expression? Most units have a few stronger personalities who maintain prominence in speech at the expense of the rest. Sometimes this is due to education or social standing, and sometimes to sheer natural gifts. Our problem is to enable the man with extra gifts to use them with such tact and restraint that those who are unaccustomed to self-expression may not be deterred from contributing something of value both in speech and action. We have a large proportion of members who dread bookishness and have no idea of connected study beyond the level of scrappy journalism.

Toc H is just the place for them, and they are attracted by the fun of good companionship and of doing helpful jobs. Many have despaired of useful discussion because an open meeting leads to wandering at large over irrelevancies, and peters out without any proper conclusion. One of the reasons of ineffective discussion is that all but very small units form *too large* a crowd to think together coherently. Toc H cannot be built up on mass-suggestion, for that only gives surface agreement and leaves the inner conflicts unresolved. Unless Toc H gives a man fellowship in his *actual conflicts* it is failing to meet his needs. We must not gloss over the awkward places, but boldly find where the shoe pinches and apply ourselves at that point. It should be impossible for a man to be comfortable in Toc H by burying his problems until a more convenient season. For example, there is a conflict, very near the surface, between conventional conduct in business and daily work and the new standards implicit in Toc H. In the mysteries of the kitchen I am told there is a certain temperature at which starch cells burst and what has been a pale liquid becomes a pudding of some stability. We have to find means of raising the temperature of our ethical and religious conflicts to the changing point, and this is most likely to occur in a small intimate circle of honest-minded friends.

The Method of the "Circle"

The newcomer to Toc H should be introduced at an early stage to the *Fellowship Circle for Probationers*. The Pilot will try to have a small team of full-members who are prepared to work with him, both by private conversation with probationers, and by taking their part in a Circle. A preparatory work with Toc H literature is desirable, but the complaint will often be "too busy to read." Such folk will not, however, be too busy to talk, so we had better accept that position. If the Pilot can induce one or two full members to say quite frankly in the privacy of a Circle what Toc H has done for them, he will find that closer contact is established than by any amount of secondhand yarns. A very simple question or challenging statement handed out some days beforehand to a Circle member will probably obtain some attention, even if no book study is done. From the beginning of discussion *difficult points must be faced and not shelved*. It is essential that the probationer should be introduced to the all-too-rare atmosphere of intellectual courage. A *second stage* of Circle should be confined, I think, to full members as a rule, and should aim at bringing them to attempt some adventure beyond their present standard of conduct and service. A sharing of experiences will induce sympathy and personal courage and will enable one to take a fair

view of the other fellow in the knowledge of the odds he is facing. Then out of this fellowship in thought ("mental fight") will come the fellowship in action ("build Jerusalem").

One aspect of fellowship, where we have a great opportunity in the small Circle is that of worship and the devotional life. To many men public prayer, whether in older or newer liturgical form, or extempore, seems some cold official ceremony; and I believe that in a private Circle many a man learns for the first time what a homely and intimate experience prayer can be, especially if it arises naturally out of the realised needs of the moment. It is a poor service we render if we stir up dissatisfaction and hunger in men's souls without showing them the way to new Resources. A Circle should have in it at least two men who have some solid experience and can enter into each other's point of view. This gives opportunity for the wise use of "backchat" when discussion flags through shyness or inexperience of the rest: and also enables a subject to be brought round to the main issue from a side-track. (N.B.—Do not despise side-tracks—they often tell you far more of men's minds and take you further than a previously arranged topic.)

The Leader

must rein himself in, even if he can give all the correct answers, and must restrain the tendency to clever dialectic. If members leave saying "He's too clever for me," it means they go away humbled but unconvinced. The comment on a good Circle should be: "How interesting! I believe I have a few ideas of my own." Emerson said "Every man needs an *accoucheur* for his thoughts": the children of our intellect are come to the birth and there is not strength to bring forth, because we have such a tradition of remaining inarticulate on the intimate matters of God and the soul. I believe that as a rule a gathering of *laymen* will more easily take the non-partisan approach to religious questions. We must break down the unworthy reticence and even indifference to great fundamental questions, and if padres do act as a brake in many men's expression by their very presence, we had better run our Circles often without them. It is understood that ministers here and there of various denominations are already practising the fellowship method and building a sensible tradition, but we are especially concerned with fellows who are mildly prejudiced and timid of "the cloth." For a similar reason private fireside chats will generally give better results than a session on hard-bottomed chairs in a committee room: and the "grub" tradition must not be abandoned.

Some kind of quiet at the beginning of a Circle is desirable: whether this takes the form of reading, silence, prayers, or a mixture, will depend on the make-up of the Circle, bearing in mind our Toc H tradition of making no man feel awkward, if we can help it.

At the close a Leader, who has reined himself in early, may find the opportunity occurs to let himself go in a really frank and intimate witness-bearing, and he should not shrink from doing so, for his fellows are entitled to the light he has. This is not a matter of rule but of inspiration: sometimes a Circle may disband by degrees into a series of private chats, and at others it may rise to a united act of worship and resolution.

A Few Tips

Break up discussions and go out for a breather when things are going stale or crooked.

See that some notes are kept to link up with next time of meeting.

Don't thresh subjects bare—cut them off unfinished and the minds of the group will go on afterwards with them individually.

We are aiming, not at unanimous conclusions, but at various adventures of the individual conscience enlightened by the authority given through honest and painstaking sharing of thought.

H. B.

NOTE.—A useful book to consult is *Fellowship Principles and Practice* (Allen and Unwin).

Things

THROUGH the bars
Of beeches I can see the stars.
I meditate on things around,
Common things in common ground :
Then once more to the stars above
I look, and think of things I love.

* * *

A mellow daybreak, and a pool
Of shimmering water blue and cool ;
Verdant meadows wet with dew,
Cuckoo's calling ; in the blue
Expanse above a skylark's song,
And water birds that glide along ;
Old rooms, old lace, old books,
The sweet content in ingle nooks ;
An old sundial for sunny hours,
The smell of turf, and brilliant flowers ;
All these a comrade's love beseech,
And even now, before I reach
That Stygian Shore. Such sweet-sounding names !
Such perfect forms ! Whoe'er defames
The sweet and lovely things that grow
To cheer the lives of us below,
Shall, when the last dread trump does sound,
Arise from out the still cold ground,
And He unto such men shall say,
" Away, ye offspring of the day !
Depart ! Unto my left hand go !
Ye loved not what I gave to you."

GERALD GORE.

THE GENERAL DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

This is the first of a series of simple progressive articles, for which we are deeply indebted to ALEC WILSON, M.R.I.A., of the League of Nations Union, and which we intend to print month by month during the coming winter, leading up to the opening of the World Disarmament Conference. In this way, we hope to "do our bit" in the building-up of an informed public opinion on the chief issues.

I. Who Wants Peace?

DURING the forenoon of Tuesday, February 2, 1932, a gathering will assemble in Geneva without parallel in the long story of the human race. Its full title is the "First General Conference for the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments." It has been prepared for, and will be managed by, the League of Nations : but its members will be the delegates of every Government upon this planet. All the States-Members of the League will of course be present, and also the United States, Russia, Turkey, Brazil, Egypt, and the rest. The only absentees will be a few mosquito-States like Monaco or Andorra, and those communities which, for one reason or another, possess no Government of their own but are ruled by others. No similar meeting has ever taken place before.

The business before the meeting will also be without any precedent. Mankind has never before sat down to consider seriously whether it could reach an agreement to set a limit to its own weapons of mutual destruction.

The General Disarmament Conference is thus a tremendous event : its occasion is unique, it is big with fate, pregnant of issues which must, for good or evil, affect each one of ourselves personally, and our children after us.

Can it succeed?

No part of the community has earned a better right to hope for success than those organisations born in war-time, like Toc H and the British Legion and F.I.D.A.C., who can from personal experience endorse the saying of President Hindenburg, that "He who knows war desires peace." But success in so great an enterprise depends upon more than hope : "sentiment and piety are not enough," said Mr. Ramsay MacDonald the other day : those who hope for success should help to make it. And those who would make success must first understand.

It has therefore seemed worth while, during the winter months, to print, for the benefit of Toc H readers, a series of articles which shall set out, chapter by chapter, the chief issues of the Conference, and which, taken as a whole, will be a sort of simple guide-book to the press reports next year.

The Meaning of Peace

Before getting down to the detailed discussion, it may be as well to clear our minds of some common confusions.

First, there is the difference between a *quarrel* and a *fight*, between disagreeing with your neighbour, and assaulting him (or being assaulted). How few of us could truthfully swear we never have a dispute with anybody ! My interests touch, overlap and clash with yours : man with man, house with house, town with town, nation with nation, it is all the same, whatever the level. If, then,

disputes are inevitable, what is Peace? Perhaps we waste a good deal of our breath nowadays on preaching the beauties of Peace. I imagine most people want Peace—that almost everyone, man, woman and child (except possibly the small boys !), really does prefer to live at peace with his neighbours. Certainly every Government in the world is a devoted adherent of the Cause of Peace ; all of them, however, on one condition, that they are *getting their own way*. Did ever a dispute end in a fight, when one party admitted the other was right? The risk of resort to violence only begins when two parties are both sure they are right ; their interests are in conflict, the gain of one seems the loss of the other, and neither side will give in. And what if each really is right? Or, as is more usual, part right, part wrong? Is it not in the conflict between right and right that tragedy is born?

The Unity of the World

Now this modern world has become one entangled mass of overlapping interests. Groups whose affairs were not so long ago self-centred and self-contained now everywhere touch and interpenetrate. Nations which could be real “sovereign” states, in “splendid isolation” from each other, find that their most intimate domestic arrangements are affected by the equally private business of others. Italy, for instance, electrifies her railways, or Poland fixes a specially low freight for coal : result, idle pits and more miners unemployed in South Wales. Every fresh aeroplane record, every improvement in wireless, interlocks the peoples a little more intimately than before. And every new overlap implies new possibilities (or rather new certainties!) of disagreement. Every new link means that both sides must lose if war breaks out.

What are we going to do about it? We cannot abolish science or pull down the Patents Office. It is people like Michael Faraday and George Stephenson, Thomas Edison and Signor Marconi, who are the folks to be blamed for crowding us all so close together nowadays that people with whom we are not on speaking terms have become our next-door neighbours, and that we depend for our very existence upon nations whom we dislike! We cannot stop the march of science : we are driven to seek some other answer. Suppose we hark back, and see what happens when two men, or two groups within the State, are at loggerheads. On the smaller scale, the problem has been solved long ago ; if the parties cannot otherwise settle their differences, then they must bring their quarrel to the impartial decision of some third party, and abide by the verdict. They must *not* resort to violence or force : each litigant may go to his grave with a grievance, but civilised order depends upon providing some accepted alternative to assault and battery, not upon the disappearance of quarrels, nor upon every person getting what he himself is pleased to call “his rights.”

Let us take it, then, that quarrels are inevitable : but that violence is not. The acid test whether we really do want Peace or not, is whether we are willing, when we get into some dispute *in which we know we are right*, to submit our case to the decision of a third party who takes sides neither with us nor with our opponents. Exactly the same test applies, whether we are dealing with Mrs. Smith's chickens

scratching up Mrs. Jones's flowerbeds, or with some first-class issue between great States, such as the Franco-German frontier, over which men have both quarrelled and fought for a thousand years.

The Building of Peace

Are we agreed, so far—that Peace does not depend upon everybody getting his own way? Even when he is sure he is right? If we are, the answer carries us rather a long way. For one might summarise the whole age-long story of human civilisation into three words: *Contact, Rivalry, Co-operation*—in that order. Ever since we started coming down from the trees and out of the jungle, new contacts, of man with man, of tribe with tribe, have led, *first*, to conflicts and bloodshed, and then, in ever-widening circles, to collaboration in settling the quarrels which it was found impossible to resolve by fighting. Stage by stage, in a multitude of different ways, civilised communities have built up courts and parliaments and federations within which, on an ever larger scale, practical alternatives have been supplied for warfare.

But, until our own days, the top stage was missing. On the large scale, as between nations, practical alternatives to the threat of violence were lacking, save within small limits. The astonishing speed with which steam and electricity linked all the world together during the nineteenth century quite outstripped the rate at which the needful political institutions developed. We had, in actual *fact*, already seriously overlapped: but we had no recognised machinery of any kind to deal properly with the multitude of problems that arose. Right up to the outbreak of the Great War, every Sovereign State could, and did, claim, as the very essence of its sovereignty, its own absolute right to wage war upon any other State, at any time, about anything, no duty being owed to any but its own citizens to keep the peace. Even to offer to mediate between two warring States, was, officially, an “unfriendly act”—the would-be mediator was likely to be snubbed by both sides for meddling in what was not his business.*

One can see, from all this, how it came that clear-sighted men in so many parts of the world were able to agree upon the one essential thing to be done so soon as the killing ceased. Already by 1915—before the War had got well into its stride—we find an Englishman writing, and other Englishmen agreeing, that:—

“There is one right so fundamental that unless it is affirmed and enforced, one may conclude beforehand that the international organisation will accomplish nothing towards preventing war. That right is the right of the Nations to insist upon the use of the pacific machinery of international organisation before any warlike operations or preparations by any individual State.”

The same identical idea appeared in practically every civilised community. A new right is asserted: The right of the community of Nations as a whole to intervene in the quarrels of its members, with the object of preventing these quarrels from breaking down into war. And this not wholly, not perhaps even mainly, because of sympathy for the losses and suffering of the actual

* See, for instance, the difficulties in which President Roosevelt found himself before he could take the first steps towards the Peace Conference between Japan and Russia in 1905.

combatants, even though these are on a horrifying scale. We are asserting the new right chiefly because of the appalling damage done to the whole fabric of the modern world when great sections of it are torn to pieces, and because of the speed with which the original outbreak can spread to States that had thought themselves utterly unconcerned alike with judging the quarrel and with preventing the fight.

The Coming of the League

Thus a belated recognition of inexorable fact, rather than an outburst of fanciful idealism, underlay the appointment of the League of Nations Commission at the Peace Conference. That was the Commission which drew up the terms of the Covenant, and which inserted, in Art. XI, the key-clause of the International Constitution :—

“ Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the Members of the League or not, is hereby declared *a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of Nations.*”

Not sentiment, not argument, but the bitter, awful experience of those years of war was driving men to advance once more from Rivalry to Co-operation.

No sooner was the League founded, than it set out to create the organs which are, as we have seen, necessary to deal with the inevitable quarrels, but which had hitherto been missing from the world's structure. Of these, the central and essential one speedily took shape as the “ Permanent Court of International Justice ” : a true Court of Law, before which not men but Nations appear as plaintiff or defendant : an impartial third party whose verdict can, and already does, provide an alternative to force when Nations have disagreed about their “ rights.”

This is not the place to set out, even in summary, all that has lately been done in erecting a whole new system for dealing with international disputes. The really vital things are two : that the system, the machinery, should be in existence, and that it should be accepted by the Nations. To-day the machinery is there : steadily, year by year, more and more of the Nations are pledging themselves to use it, and to abide by its awards. These are great matters : for with Nations as with men, an act repeated tends to become a habit, a habit in turn becomes a custom, in due time a duty, in the end a law. Already the new habit is being formed, issues on which passions run high (the Austro-German Customs Union is one of them) are being laid before the Court, and more than one judgment has been handed down, where formerly the sword would alone have seemed to provide a bloody Court of Appeal. Read, for instance, the full story of the frontier of Iraq, a bitter conflict between Great Britain and Turkey.

Great Britain and the Empire have taken a very prominent and creditable part in all this new constructional work. None have done more, few so much, in framing the Covenant, in designing and working the World Court, or in accepting the whole complex mechanism as normal, to be used for handling the politics of all Nations as we use Parliament for the politics of one Nation. Not all at

once, but a step at a time, we have taken our full share in setting up, testing, improving, extending and using the big new practical machine for dealing with the practical difficulties of the world we live in.

The Passing of Arms

Is it clear why we have put all this preliminary excursion by way of preface to a study of the Disarmament Conference? It is for the special benefit of those readers who meet with (or for that matter, who themselves use!) the stupidest of all the arguments against the League of Nations: "War is inevitable: men have always fought, and men always will fight." We challenge the statement as a flat untruth: quarrels, indeed, we believe to be unavoidable in a world of clashing interests, but do our citizens all go armed (as they once did), does Lancaster fight with York, or Scotland with England? Perhaps there was no bloodier frontier in Europe than the Scottish Border. We have built up other ways of purging our passions. In truth, the only people who are entitled to condemn the League of Nations are those who may believe that man has already reached the extreme limit of his rise from savagery to civilisation: for if we have reached the highest peak in the curve, then, of course, we shall soon be on the downward grade, and the ideal contained in the practical League is doomed for folly. But if, on the contrary, we look into the past for a clue to the future, then it is not possible to see the League as anything but the newest step upwards in civilised order. And this is not because it calls for unattainable ideals, for an end to disputing and a Reign of Universal Love, but precisely because, admitting the disagreements, it sets about to discharge their passions by ways which shall be less intolerable than war.

Now for the point of the whole chapter. It is useless to talk of Peace until you have in fact other means than war for reaching a settlement of your disputes. A policy of Disarmament pre-supposes the existence of such institutions. They did not exist in the pre-War world. They do to-day. To the extent that they are accepted and used, armaments begin to be meaningless and useless. At bottom, that is why it is becoming possible to discuss Disarmament as a serious political issue. But just because these institutions are so new, because they are still incomplete, because the Nations have as yet had so little experience in their use, the mere fact that they exist does not solve the problem. That is why it is not yet practical politics to talk about abolishing armaments. The aim of the Conference is therefore not abolition, but *limitation* and progressive *reduction* of armaments all round, by international agreement. That is the meaning of the word "Disarmament," whenever it occurs in these essays.

Please carry forward the two ideas: that inevitable quarrels do *not* mean inevitable wars, and that peace, between men or Nations, depends chiefly on the existence of a tribunal to which both sides can appeal, especially when each side is convinced that he is right.

ALEC WILSON, M.R.I.A.

NOTE.—Readers who wish to know more are recommended to read M. Fanshawe's *World Disarmament* (League of Nations Union, 1s. 6d.), A. Wilson's *World Security* (L.N.U., 1s. 6d.), and Major Lefebvre's *Scientific Disarmament* (Mundanus, Ltd., 5s.).

KINGS AND PRIESTS

Canon B. K. CUNNINGHAM's Sunday night talk to the Staff Conference (see p. 420) was particularly addressed to the full-time servants of Toc H, but it deserved a much wider audience. We are greatly indebted to him and to his secretary for producing the "fair copy" which makes possible this reprinting.

The speaker began by saying that he could hardly claim to speak from inside Toc H. He did, indeed, have the privilege of going over from time to time from St. Omer or Blendecques (where he was in charge of the Chaplain's School) "to help or hinder" Tubby in the Old House, and "for two unforgettable periods" he was chaplain in charge of it. But he had never until now spoken publicly on or to Toc H. His deafness had led him to wrap himself up in his own job; he had never been to a Toc H Festival and so had "never been at the heart of the Toc H flame." But he tried to keep the rule of the League of the Lamp and "to have certain of the leaders of Toc H, known and loved," in his prayers.

I BELIEVE that Toc H shares with the Church the unique privilege of being able to claim men as its servants who have thrown up their jobs for this very work, who have in other words gambled their lives on the belief that Toc H is of God and therefore cannot fail. In speaking to such, one is on holy ground; moreover it is well to recall that Philip was numbered among the Twelve; Philip, whose three days were spent not in listening to the Master but in discovering the needs of the crowd and the rations necessary, if not available. The Philip of to-day will be found at the Church House, Westminster, writing five reports on the situation under the title *The Call of the World*, or at Toc H headquarters considering just how the divine gifts can best be administered and where most needed. "Philip was of the twelve"—thank God for that; and he, like those with other gifts, was called *first* of all "to be with Jesus."

Praise and Dispraise

And so having cleared the air by defining our respective positions, I ask how I can best help you Philips of the Church of Christ. I might, for example, hand on to you the criticisms favourable and unfavourable, fair and unfair, which reach me from the outsider. One tells me that summer-time, allotments, and Toc H are the three abiding good things out of the four years of war, and incomparably the greatest is Toc H. Another, a parish padre in the Midlands, tells me that they cannot over-estimate the debt which they owe to Toc H in their parochial work. A theological college principal, whose voice I recognise, frequently remarks that among the best of the ordinands these last four years have been men who first caught their vision of the service of man and the service of God from their experience in Toc H.

On the other hand, I hear "Toc H padres are only good at writing popular stuff and they never seem to read any solid theology." I leave that remark without comment: "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." Again, "The heartiness of Toc H is intolerable"—possibly, restraint is always an element of power; but Oh! my public school critic, perhaps in your tradition of reserve you on your part are withholding some service for which God asks, for among the fruits of the Spirit joy holds the second place. The joy, however, we do well to note, is *fruit*, and fruit is the outcome of life, and perhaps the sting of the

criticism lies there. Lastly, "Toc H has grown much too large and is in great peril of being secularised." This criticism, I venture to think, is far more serious. Toc H must grow and continue to grow, as does every organism which has life, stretching out to new adventures, accepting fresh conquests and fresh defeats. The criticism really means that, while it grows, there must be proportionately increased spiritual power at the centre. That touches us at this conference; and so by a very long road I am led to the theme which I put before you for consideration this evening, and that is the priesthood, not of the padre only, but the priesthood of the whole Christian community, lay and clerical.

"Standing on the Godward Side"

Now this sense of priesthood was very strong in the consciousness of the Apostolic Church (I will not trouble you with references from the New Testament), and it has had great wrong done to it. One half of the Church by limiting the priesthood to the order of clergy has practically deprived the laity of their privilege, and the other half has run away in panic from the whole idea, and, indeed, from the word itself; and yet how different things might have been if instead of speaking of themselves as "mere laymen" the laity of England had thought of themselves as "kings and priests unto God"! Kings—those who will claim for the kingship of Christ to rule in every department of life, and priests—men through whom others may in Christ be brought into living fellowship with God.

What then is this neglected, beautiful thing we call priesthood? Dr. Nairne, our Regius Professor, defines it as "standing on the Godward side in relation to others," the mother in relation to her children, the teacher in relation to his class, the colonel in relation to his officers, the foreman in relation to his men, the Toc H padre, pilot or secretary in relation to the junior members. This is that natural priesthood which runs all through human society, and if our beloved Regius Professor had not had both his feet off the ground he would have added the other truth, "standing also on the manward side in relation to God"—in God's name towards man, in man's name towards God.

First, then, it is an attitude rather than any special activity. One writer in the New Testament, after remarking that sacrifices under the old covenant were not adequate, goes on: "Sacrifices and offerings Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou prepared; then said I 'Lo, I come to do Thy Will, O God.'" True of Jesus, our great High Priest, and true of those who in His name are called to a like priesthood. There are diversities of gifts, there are differences of administration, padres, pilots, jobmasters, Area secretaries, and so forth, but the differing gifts and opportunities are of the one self-same spirit, and the priestly character of the work of each consists in the recognition of it as God's will at the particular time, "A body hast Thou prepared—Lo, I come to do Thy Will."

The Quality, Not Quantity, of Service

I recall an incident umpteen years ago when as an undergraduate I heard a very pious speaker who told us that he was studying mathematics but that he sanctified this secular study by offering a thanksgiving whenever he got a problem

right. What he said when he got a problem wrong history does not recall ; but I remember going away bubbling with indignation, for it seemed to me such an utterly wrong way of looking at things, as though mathematics were something of which he ought to be ashamed and could only be sanctified by a thanksgiving on occasions. No, no, that won't do, the tiresome details of management, the seemingly endless correspondence, the interviews that call for patience (and patience means suffering), these are your fields of offering in God's name for man's benefit, in man's name for God's glory. Such recollection of your work as being the will of God will be found a useful corrective to that idolatry that reckons service in terms of quantity of things done. It will be our safeguard to the panic which at times sweeps over us when the morning post brings us responsibility beyond our bearing. It will be a preventative of fuss and irritation, and by giving depth and quietness to our characters it will better the quality of our output, for quantity of work is too dearly paid for at the expense of quality.

Fellowship—The First Point

When we pass on to examine priesthood in terms of special action it is, as we have said, a going out in God's name in saving activity towards man, and this activity would appear to be twofold, first in the creating of fellowship, for is not God's own activity ever one of sharing His life with us ? We speak of the love, that is the self-giving, of the Father, and the grace of Jesus Christ, and fellowship is the activity we definitely associate with the Spirit, and so in the name of God you go forth to fulfil this first Point of your Compass,* and I would ask you to note that fellowship means a joint sharing in some common experience. It is not possible to group men together and then say "now be good fellows," and you might well challenge yourselves in your Marks and Areas with the question, "What exactly is that in which they are being called to share ?"

My other point is that the fellowship is real in proportion to the varieties that it covers. In our Church of England we are familiar with Anglo-Catholic Congresses, and Modernist Conferences and Evangelical Conventions. They may be all right in their own way, but they are not of much value as regards Christian fellowship because in each case it is a sharing of those who are already like-minded. On the other hand, undenominationalism is a poor, thin thing because it is a fellowship formed by the elimination of differences. The degree of Christianity in the fellowship of a Mark or Branch will be in proportion to the variety of the characters which it brings into joint sharing of the spiritual wealth of Toc H, and fellowship is, perhaps, at the present time the greatest contribution which Toc H can make to the Church and to the social and political life of the country, and, indeed, of Europe.

Jobs—The Second Point

Secondly, we go out in God's name to man in the divine activity of service, and this is your second Point of the Compass—doing jobs. Probably by this

* For the benefit of readers unfamiliar with the document drawn up in 1919 as a statement of the chief aims of Toc H and known as "The Four Points of the Compass," it may be stated generally that its clauses are concerned with Fellowship, Service, Fairmindedness, and seeking the Kingdom of God. The Fourth Point reads: "To spread the Gospel without preaching it."

activity of priesthood more than by any other does the outsider estimate the value of Toc H, and it is here that there is constant need for that imaginative thinking which has been the glory of Toc H and the standing wonder to us more solid Scots. I would only plead that such thinking does require some degree of leisure, and I would plead in accordance with my theme that the service whatever form it may take shall be offered in the name of God.

Corporate Intercession

So we pass to my last section. The priesthood is also standing on the manward side facing Godward, and this exercise in man's name towards God is what we term intercession. The intercession of prayer may be regarded *first* corporately when we meet in the Holy Communion. I am not the least concerned with what you may think of that sacrament, but I am suggesting from my own experience a way in which we may use it better. In our public schools we were taught to regard the sacrament as something through which we should ourselves gain spiritual help. The preparation was by means of self-examination on endless questions. The whole thing struck us as being somewhat self-centred and not particularly healthy, a duty to be done once a month which God might the better accept because it involved getting up half an hour earlier than the other boys in the dormitory; in my experience of a parish in South London, I found just the same attitude, on the first Sunday in the month a large number of communicants, on other Sundays a mere handful, but the noticeable thing was that the Communion seemed to have no relation to life. Men's hearts might be "failing them for fear of the things that were coming on the world," but that did not make the least difference to the number of communicants provided these terrible things did not happen on the *first* Sunday of the month. Then from reading the works of Dr. Milligan, the Scottish Presbyterian, and other Anglican writers, I came to see that the sacrament might be looked upon as a service in which we gave rather than received; making a memorial of that one and only perfectly acceptable offering, we offer in union with it our praises, our thanks, our intercessions for the Church and the world and our friends, and the preparation then takes the form of the question, "What do I wish to bring before God to-morrow through Jesus Christ?" So, corporately, we might bring before God the hopes and anxieties of this great movement.

As regards individual intercession, I would only suggest the necessity of our having some system, and for myself I find a loose-leaf note-book and a weekly round the most profitable, consciously offering our work and the persons and interests which that work touches to our Father, placing our wills alongside of His will that His will may be done.

Living—The Fourth Point

The other aspect of intercession is that of life, "to spread the Gospel without preaching it." This is, of course, a highly dangerous Point of the Compass, because most of us tend to be such cowards in our witness, and because it is likely to encourage us in that over-reluctance to talk about the things that really

matter. I do not doubt that many here have been astonished at times when we have ventured out, to find the other person eagerly responsive. It is this rediscovered truth which I think the "Oxford Group" Movement have courageously laid hold of to the greater glory of God.

But this fourth Point of the Compass does contain a real element of truth. Our priesthood, that is our capacity to stand on the Godward side, depends on what we are much more than one what we say or do. God's love in us passing through us to others, was not that the way of the Incarnate Life itself? So regarded, our main effort, whether we be lay or clerical, is to keep open the avenues between us and God. We cannot, as Archbishop Temple has recently told us, always be holding God in our conscious thought. If we did that we should do our jobs very badly. There is, then, the more need for definite acts whereby we recall Him from time to time throughout the day to our consciousness. Of these activities I would only mention the necessity for some time, however short, of silence in the morning, secondly, the habit of making acts of "recollection" from time to time throughout the day. Quiller Couch tells a story of a parson in the West Country building his church, and the dissenting minister offered his help with the remark, "T'other night the Lord He says to me 'Go and help that chap build his church,' and I said 'Lord, Thou knowest I am a Bryanite,' and the Lord He says to me 'None of your back answers, go and do as I tell 'ee,' and so here I be." Is not that a colloquial way of putting what our Lord meant by "Mine hour is not yet come," "Mine hour is come," "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" "What wilt thou have me to say?"

The Sacramental Outlook

Lastly, there is the duty of cultivating what may be called the sacramental outlook; "wherever things visible reach out into the eternal and carry us with them up to God, there is a sacrament," in the smile of little children, in the womanliness of women and the manliness of men, in the sunset sky, in everything good and true and beautiful, we may drink of the brook and go on our way refreshed. Some while ago I heard one man in saying good-bye to another remark, "Thank you so much for being what you are." It was, I think, a British way of saying, "They took note of him that he had been with Jesus."

Staff members of Toc H, God has called you to the greatest adventure in His name in our time. What lies before Toc H He will Himself reveal in proportion as we wait and watch and are faithful to our priesthood. Be true to that priesthood to which God has called you in Christ, and you need not be afraid even if Toc H spreads throughout all lands.

B. K. C.

SAGITTARIUS SHOOTS AGAIN

We extend every good wish to Edward Harrison (Vicar of Willenhall, Staffs, and lately Toc H Padre of Liverpool) and Norah Mackintosh, who were married by Tubby at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on September 5, with Pat Leonard as best man; and to Geoffrey Foster (West Midlands Area Secretary) and Margaret Oakes, who are to be married on October 17 at Felley Abbey, Jacksdale, Notts.

THE STAFF CONFERENCE OF 1931

THE Seventh Annual Conference of the whole-time staff of Toc H took place in August at Queens' College, Cambridge, by kind permission of the President and Fellows. In an exceptionally wet summer they were fortunate in their weather, and in bursts of sunshine Cambridge looked its best. The only regret was that the pressure of work which the Conference involved left only a little time for the beauties of the Backs and austerities of King's Chapel. However, such time as was available for sightseeing convinced even people who had been at "the other place" that Cambridge has more to boast of than boat race victories. Queens' itself helped to that conviction, its red-brick courts and black-and-white President's house forming an ideal setting for the work. The staff conferred in a large room beneath Erasmus' study and Tubby was the *first*, but not the only one, to work in a jest about soap.

On one afternoon the less sleep-bound members of the Conference made a journey to Ely in cars and were shown the beauties of the Cathedral by the Canon, to whom our best thanks are due. The tall centre tower stands sentinel above the fenland round about, and Pat was so overcome by it that he ran up and down the tower four times. On another afternoon parties went on the river and Barkis was nearly prematurely short of one assistant editor through a heretic's rash plunge towards total immersion.

The greatest debt we owed to Cambridge was the privilege of worshipping in St. Edward's Church, where a daily celebration was held. It is now the special care of Toc H, and shortly, if all is well, to be beautified under the wise guidance of Alec Smithers. This ancient little church is already familiar to us through the pages of the JOURNAL, and Padre Colin Marr, aided by the Cambridge Branch, is demonstrating that it is renewing its youth as more than a monument of past devotion.

The Free Church members of the Conference were privileged to use St. Columba's Church and Wesley's Chapel for two Communion services respectively on Sunday and Wednesday.

Cambridge and District came and had tea on Sunday and seldom have hosts had guests who made entertaining a happier job. Pat started to introduce the members of the Staff alphabetically with apocryphal trimmings. Pandemonium raged when he reached a middle-age divine in the middle C's and the end of it was that Cuthbert Bardsley and Geoffrey Batchelar, who had taken refuge on a high place during a general *melee*, were dislodged from it with the help of jugs of water and had to go and change.

"Old Uncle Tom Cobbley and All"

The following members of the Staff came together as they could for all or part of the five days' Conference: L. G. Appleton (*London Area Padre*), H. E. Baldwin (*Eastern Area Padre*), Barclay Baron (*Editorial Secretary*), Geoffrey Batchelar (*Provost, 42, Trinity Square*), Rex Calkin (*London Area Secretary*), Monty Callis (*Yorkshire Pilot*), Harry Chappell (*Hon. A.D.C., All Hallows*), Alec Churcher (*Asst. London Sec.*), Stanley Clapham (*All Hallows*), Michael Coleman (*North Western Area Padre*), R. G. Collin Smith (*Asst. Editorial Secretary*), A. St. G. Colthurst (*Yorkshire Area Padre*), Alan Cowling (*Yorkshire Area Secretary*), Sam Davies (*Northern Area Padre*), H. B. Ellison (*Hon. Overseas Commissioner*), G. B. Elworthy (*Western Area Secretary*), Geoffrey Foster (*West Midlands Area Secretary*), C. Garner Freeston (*South-Eastern Area Secretary*), Tom Garaway (*West Midlands Area Padre*), A. S. Greenacre (*Southern Area Secretary*), R. G. Heawood (*East Midlands Padre*), Percy Ketnor (*Northern Area Secretary*), Norman Knock (*South-Western Area Padre*), Stephen Lambert (*West Midlands Area Pilot*), Herbert Leggate (*North-Western Area Padre*), Pat Leonard (*Administrative Padre*), J. R. Lewis (*London Area Padre*), Arthur Lodge (*North-Western Area Secretary*), John Mallet (*Asst. to the Hon. Administrator*), Colin Marr (*Eastern Area Padre*), Geoffrey Martin (*Overseas Secretary*), F. G. Reeves (*West Midlands Area Padre*), A. E. Sargood (*Hon. Migration Commissioner*), H. F. Sawbridge (*Western Area Padre*), Bob Sawers

(*Scottish Area Secretary*), Hubert Secretan (*Hon. Schools Secretary*), A. L. Siderfin (*East Midlands Area Padre*), Paul Slessor (*Asst. Gen. Secretary*), Alec Smithers (*Architect*), Reg Staton (*Yorkshire Pilot*), Colin Stevenson (*Asst. North-Western Area Secretary*), G. K. Tattersall (*Asst. Schools Secretary*), A. Ainsworth Taylor (*Asst. Gen. Secretary*), R. C. Thompson (*London Area Padre*), Tubby, Jolliffe Walker (*London Area Pilot*), David Wallace (*London Area Padre*), Owen Watkins (*Hon. Joint Administrative Padre*), Michael Westropp (*North-Western Area Pilot*), Gilbert Williams (*South-Eastern Area Padre*), C. N. Woolley (*Hon. Association Padre*), R. E. Wraith (*Eastern Area Secretary*), H. Wynne Jones (*Welsh Area Secretary*).

"Ora et Labora"

As usual, the agenda was overfull, and the programme had to suffer many modifications as the Conference proceeded. Occasionally discussion would lag and the subject have to be changed; much more often the dinner bell broke into the middle and extra time had somehow to be found to continue. If the business detail of the first session or two a little resembled a committee meeting, sparks were soon struck, the dry bones were made to live and the "inspiration" of the Conference was assured. The subjects for discussion had been agreed upon in April and teams of three or four members of the staff had been commissioned to think a little on each subject and introduce it at the appropriate session. Had it been possible to make this preparation more complete much time might have been saved. But the object of the Staff Conference has always lain not so much in disposing of points or passing resolutions as in giving the scattered staff an annual opportunity of getting to know each other's minds, of discovering differences in facing common problems and, behind all differences, the underlying unity of their faith and purpose.

This is not intended as a report of the Conference; still less can it take the shape of formal minutes—for none were kept. Sessions began and ended with a creditable effort at punctuality. They were informal but never casual. Each day, as the many clocks of Cambridge began to strike noon, all business ceased abruptly for a minute and the whole Conference rose to its feet and said together the ancient prayer of St. Richard of Chichester: "Thanks be to Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ . . . may I know Thee more clearly, may I love Thee more dearly, may I follow Thee more nearly!" And each morning and evening was closed with short prayers, taken by one of the Padres. These were, so to speak, touches of discipline, sincerely welcomed, and the summing up of a common purpose.

Training

The first session of all, on Saturday evening, August 15, was devoted to *Training*. And this, whether intended or not, was significant. For the need for more training in all departments of its life—technical training for jobs, training of the mind to think, of the will to act, of the spirit to worship—has been making itself felt with a growing urgency throughout Toc H during the past year. And training was in a real sense the keynote of the whole Conference—training of the staff for their own special duties, not least their duty to help train other members. At this session experiences from many Areas of experiments in training, by courses, week-ends, reading and so forth, were brought forward, compared and discussed. And much time was spent on the subject of the best way in which members of the staff could themselves get together in little teams and "go to school" under some experienced teacher. Most subsequent sessions, in a greater or lesser degree, were related to this one—the trained work of Area Executives, the use of publications for teaching members and non-members about the things concerning Toc H, the work of the Pilot, the place of Marks in the life of the family, the Old House as a special training-ground. Moreover two most outstanding evening talks—that of "B.K." and of Woolley—were concerned with the deeper issues of training one's self and others for life at its highest.

The Old House

It is not possible to summarise the sessions one by one, and a note on one or two of them may serve more purpose than a mere catalogue of them all. *The Old House* claimed two periods of the programme. The uproarious "Guest-night" (a Sunday tea-party) of the Cambridge Branch settled down to listen to a description of the work that had been done during the last year to furnish and fit Talbot House at Poperinghe for its new-old task: its aim as a place of joyful re-creation rather than mere recreation was stressed. When the Conference proper came to spend a whole evening session on this subject, not only Paul Slessor ("clerk of the works," so to speak, in re-conditioning the House) but—by a most happy opportunity—Alec Smithers, who has given such loving service to it as an architect, were able to be present. One by one the Arca Padres who had led pilgrimage parties to Poperinghe during the weekends of the season past, were called upon to give the results of their experience. One by one—and each one in a different form and adding some new touch—they bore witness to the unique power of the Old House to move men's minds and wills, to reveal secrets and stir to resolutions. If any member still doubts (as some of the best did doubt when the gift of the Old House was first made) whether this inheritance can serve the needs of a new generation and not merely the sentiment of an older one, he should have been present at this session. No doubt could have withstood the evidence.

A Game of "Clumps"

The session on *Jobs* deserves a few words to itself. The method by which it was conducted would make any coherent report difficult—but it is just the method which is worth mentioning. The Conference assembled as usual in the "Erasmus Room," lit its pipes and settled its shoulders into the accustomed corner of chair, window-seat or floor-space. It was then arbitrarily divided by the chairman, as it sat in the room, from front to back and from side to side, into four roughly equal teams. Each of these was given a leader, dismissed to a separate room, and bidden to discuss the subject there until recalled. It was indeed a refinement of the old party game of "Clumps," in which by crude question and abrupt answer, each separate group struggles to guess the unknown x before the others. In this case x was known but still imperfectly understood: when will the last word on jobs in Toc H be said? It was interesting to one "neutral" observer to go round from room to room, to slip inside and "listen-in" while the game was in progress. The four teams naturally tackled the subject from different starting points and took different routes, but they were all travelling truly. It was specially interesting to notice how the small team offered greater freedom of discussion than the big Conference: some members, younger or slower of speech than the others, who had never spoken at full sessions, were now no longer tongue-tied. The time allowed was too short to do more than break the ground in various places and to make a few hasty notes on the conclusions reached, but when the four teams re-assembled and were able to compare their notes, there was ample material—but far too little time—for an excellent discussion. The method of "Clumps" in discussing problems is one that might well be tried by a Branch or Group meeting some nights this winter. It needs forethought, leadership, and some clear thinking afterwards to make it bear the best fruit.

Marks—And Overseas

The Place of Marks in Toc H brought Tubby into vivid action. After listening quietly for some time to the ideas and experiences of other members, he intervened with a compelling picture of the House—the Old House in wartime and the Mark as its successor—as the true embodiment of Toc H, its unique and characteristic form, not always attainable but ever to be kept in the centre of the picture.

The Overseas Work of Toc H, introduced of course by Harry Ellison, led to a very serious discussion of the claims of the family overseas as compared with those at home on the services of a full-time staff, their great present shortage, and the paramount duty of all to keep the overseas work of Toc H continually before the minds of the home membership.

Three Talks

Lastly, a mention of the three "talks" which stand up like peaks in memories of the Conference. On Sunday evening the Principal of Westcott House was the guest of the evening. If that sounds formal, you have but to say that "B.K." or (by another familiar nickname) "The Professor" was the speaker—and men in parishes all about the world will sit up and take notice. The teacher of a pre-war generation of theological students at Farnham, of a war generation of chaplains and of ordination candidates in France (on more than one memorable occasion in Talbot House itself), and to-day of a post-war generation in Cambridge, there is no master of men among us who can claim a more affectionate allegiance from his pupils than B.K. As he stood up before the members of the Staff Conference, making his great deafness seem no more an affliction but a compelling attraction, giving out wit and wisdom and humility and the inspired sanity of a man of God, his hearers became at once his pupils also. It is indeed good that the JOURNAL can give again his actual words (see "Kings and Priests," p. 412): what it cannot give is the lasting impression which the presence of the speaker left with his audience.

On the last night Padre Woolley spoke to the Conference at length. It is impossible to give here a summary of an address so full of high and clear thinking. We only hope it may be possible before long to persuade the speaker to set down some of the things he said for print in these pages. He had watched the progress of the Conference carefully since the start, an observer who had saved until the end what he wanted to say. And now he seized surely in turn upon the "fears," the different causes of misgiving, hesitation, anxiety, which he saw perplexed the staff of Toc H. He did not bring them forward in order merely to rebuke them as feeble or false: he attempted to analyse them and to "resolve" them and help the staff to meet and dispel them. There was a steadiness of aim, a quiet fearlessness about this talk which made it perhaps easier to comprehend that amazing action upon Hill 60 which had won the speaker the Victoria Cross.

And after Woolley that night Tubby was called upon "to sum up." His method of summing up was to start a dozen new hares which might well have opened a fresh week's conference. At first he sparkled from one inconsequence to another until laughter became almost pain. And then he settled down to the deepest consequences of being pledged to serve through Toc H. It was a high affirmation that the cause was real and the Power to uphold it unfailing. It was a fitting end to days of discussion because it set the ultimate aim of Toc H, a life to be lived, beyond discussion.

And so home. The Conference was ended: the working out of it now begins.

"Toc H: its Work and Ways"

A NEW leaflet, designed for purposes of free distribution, is now available on application to the Registrar at H.Q. It is entitled *Toc H: Its Work and Ways*, and will more than take the place, it is hoped, of *What is Toc H?* the leaflet which has been reprinted time and again for some years. If the old leaflet was a reprint of a magazine article, the new one is the report of a talk on Toc H, by Tubby, to the Royal Empire Society. It is printed in the form of an 8-page folder, the first six pages being the talk (with large-print cross headings to paragraphs which in themselves form a description of Toc H in one sentence), and the last two a list of principal officers of Toc H and of Area addresses.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

The Day's Pay

DEAR EDITOR,

At first sight the following may seem like a joke or as the crackling of thorns under a pot. A little thought on the matter, however, may resolve what appears to be a joke into a challenge and from that into a small adventure.

The seed was sown in a car on the Northumbrian coast by a chauffeur, a member of Toc H, after we had been reading the papers and were all concerned about the crisis our country was facing. He suggested that considerable help could be given at a time like this if everyone in work would sacrifice a day's pay to his country. The good chap evidently had an unbounded faith in his fellow men, and said he was certain most men would do it if the thing could be got going. So much for the seed.

The holidays being over the scene then shifted to the South, where, be it remembered, we are not nearly so hard hit as the industrial populations of the North. Three men met to discuss the well-being of the Family, and in the conversation which followed suggested that the earlier spirit of divine foolishness had evaporated to a great extent. We play for safety and fiddle with jobs which demand hardly any real sacrifice. They were not the first to wonder if our eyes are not being turned too much toward our own domestic affairs to the exclusion of what is going on in the world around us. We talk a good deal about high ideals and self-sacrifice, but what are we doing more than thousands of those who have never heard of Toc H, or, having heard a good deal about it, expect something plus from us? "If a man compel you to go with him a mile, go with him twain." It's the extra mile that matters.

It was here that two of them heard for the first time of the Group or Branch in Kelowna, B.C., who were pooling five per cent. of their earnings and giving it to the local unemployment fund. There, they felt, was something not too easy, really worth doing. And upon the instant the remark of our friend in the car

came to light again. We are called upon for double taxes, but that is demanded of us. The sort of thing that appeals to the man with the Toc H mind is something given freely and of his own inner prompting. The extra mile. "What about that day's pay idea?"

They hesitated. They were afraid of appearing foolish. Ye gods! How often that keeps a man back from doing the right thing: the right thing in his own eyes, which is the right thing for him.

Then one sat down and worked out just what his day's pay was, and the calculation being finished wrote out a cheque for Mr. Snowden with the remark "That leaves me just a fiver in the bank." The others followed suit, and the enclosed three cheques, Mr. Editor, are the result.

Why send them to you? Ah, there's the rub! You may forward them to the Chancellor on condition that the above appears in the October JOURNAL, for then the seed might sprout a little more.

Yours sincerely,

H. E. B., C. M., R. E. W.

The Journal and the Situation

DEAR EDITOR,—I am in agreement with Fulham Member's suggestion that the JOURNAL be made more topical and interesting, but I feel that it should also contain articles on the serious and vital matters that are worrying the whole nation at the present time.

Whilst I appreciate that these are dealt with fully in the daily newspapers by acknowledged experts on the subjects, the taint of partisanship appears to cling, whoever the writer is and in whatever paper the article is published, and it is for that reason that I suggest that the JOURNAL should ask for and publish the unbiased opinions of men who come into direct contact with these matters.

I feel that it is essential that all members be fully acquainted with all aspects of the matters under discussion to enable them to think fairly and to help accordingly.

To be more concrete: Our members in Wales and other mining districts have a wide experience of the sufferings of the miners and their families, their conditions of work, their amount of pay, and what should be the just dues of the mine owners. In London, and in the East End especially, we also have a knowledge of unemployment—housing difficulties and Poor Law Relief, and we also know practically how little a man can keep a wife and children on, and how that compares with his income.

When economies are made, all members of Toc H should do their best to see that they are allocated fairly, and that no particular class has to bear more than its fair proportion.

These matters, and many others, I would like to see discussed in the JOURNAL, and I am certain that many members would like to know exactly how things are in the various districts as represented by the members in those districts.

A POPLAR MEMBER.

London, E.14.

Toc H on the Village Green

DEAR EDITOR,

In my rather wet holiday, I came down to reading some old JOURNALS, and got out of one of them the idea that you people would like some remarks—grouses even—from some of the rank and file. Then I read in the August journal, *Of Heretics and A Ruling Passion*. And a very young man, only a member a year, and a violent heretic in all senses of that word, would like to put in a word or two.

I am one of those bright young people that cause jobmasters nightmares, but I talk about a job that is outside their scope, and the greatest adventure ever. I went out into the villages with the idea of spreading Toc H, but soon found it a real good way of having some real fun and doing good.

I sit on the village green and tell stories, show people how familiar things work and suggest the way to put little things right. Unlike a job set by a jobmaster, the character of these outings is entirely protean—shaped

by the needs and the whim of the moment. I hope some time I shall be able to take some one with some musical instrument and get singing going. Anyway, the whole stunt is always interesting, and its effectiveness as missionary work has exceeded my hopes.

Yours truly,

Norwich Heigham.

A. G.

Growing Bigger or Growing Better?

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

To grow or not to grow—that is the question. Toc H at present is a mere pigmy; in London there are perhaps between two and three thousand members—an insignificant number compared with the total population. This, however, does not dismay us. We regard ourselves as tiny teams of representative men infusing into all we meet the mysterious “Toc H spirit.” This order of things is good. We are still small enough to keep touch with each other to some extent; if not with the whole of our Area, then at least with a goodly portion of it. How will it be, though, fifty years hence? “Woe is me,” I hear you cry, “how many more times must I hear this question?”

Until now we have endeavoured to infuse into all with whom we come in contact the Toc H spirit. We have found that men have been not only “infused” but “enthused.” They want to know more of Toc H, to share our fellowship and attach themselves to units. This, it would seem, has been happening throughout the whole world and we have grown until now at an amazing pace. We say though, “If our membership is sound, then we need have no fears. We must keep ourselves a small and intimate family of men, catching this spirit and transmitting it.”

Yes—but if we *do* catch this spirit we *must* pass it on, and, because it is good, more and more men will desire to share it. What then is the solution to this riddle? Perhaps we shall one day have to change our ideas as to the “form” of Toc H entirely?

Yours sincerely,

N. F. H.



ABOVE: Some of the kiddies whom Coventry Branch took for their first sight of the sea at Colwyn Bay, and one of the games they played there, with the Jobmaster and two L. W. H. members. (See Page 435)

CENTRE: The hut built for an invalid pensioner on the banks of the Ross River by Townsville Group, Queensland, and the work party who tackled and completed the job.

BELOW: Pushball at the East London District Camp at Stifford, and a breather at half-time, with Tubby urging the teams on to further efforts.



ABOVE: Members of the Toc H Group at Antigua in the British West Indies, with Sir Reginald St. Johnston, Governor of the Leeward Islands, on the occasion of their recent first birthday.



BELOW: The R.A.F. Group at Halton Aerodrome, under the wing of Ronald Wraith, Eastern Area Secretary (on the extreme left), and after hearing a talk from Paul Slessor, who stands third from the right.

Of Reformers

DEAR EDITOR,—It is a well-known fact that people are always hardest on those faults in others that they most fear in themselves. There is a psychological theory that anyone who has a very strong impulse to effect a reform is suffering from the repression of the desire for the very thing he seeks to forbid. I do not mean the kind of reform that is incidental to doing positive good, such as the clearing away of slum dwellings in order to build decent houses ; I mean the kind of reform that concentrates its attention on the evil it endeavours to abolish.

Our Lord said : " Resist not evil." In a *New Model of the Universe* Ouspensky says : " All evil is very small and very vulgar. There can be no strong and great evil. Evil always consists in the transforming of something great into something small. But how can people reconcile themselves to such an idea ? They must necessarily have ' great evil.' "

Do we not think sometimes that Toc H exists for the organisation of onslaughts against an enemy ? The other day I asked someone who had seen Toc H at close quarters for some time what he thought was its *raison d'être*, and his reply was : " The power of Toc H lies in the fact that it is not an organisation but a life. It gives people a new attitude towards others." How often nowadays do we not hear the phrase : " It's personality that counts." As a padre said last Sunday : " Our chief contribution to life should and indeed can only be the radiation of our personalities." Do we realise the vital difference between doing and being ? St. Paul sums it up : " If I give my body to be burned and have not love, I am nothing." I recommend two texts for the consideration of Jobmasters and all those who have the direction of men's activities. " And he found a new jawbone of an ass . . . and slew a thousand men therewith." And the second : " Be still and know that I am God."

Yours sincerely,

JANET BUCKLEY.

The Spice of Life ?

DEAR EDITOR,—You demand more letters : well, don't blame me for pouring out the heresies inspired by the article in the August number ! I have many, but will confine myself to two. The first is this : is there not in Toc H to-day a regrettable tendency to create uniformity ? A grope is told it must take light at such a time, eat at such a time, go home at such a time, the idea being, apparently, to turn out units to pattern, hoping in this way that the same spirit will pervade all ! Surely this is wrong. Ought not our attitude rather to be : catch the spirit but grow your own way ? Why must we sing when we would rather talk to one another ? Why may we not help to sell flags on a flag day if we like to ? Why is it Toc H to sing, and " not a Toc H job " to sell flags ?

When some advice on the latter subject was being given to a unit, a probationer was heard to murmur in surprise " and leap with joy to any task for others ! "

That is my *first* plea : don't make us all alike : let every unit grow in its own way, establish its own customs, be itself and have its own character. In no other way can Toc H remain really alive.

Secondly, please may we return to the ancient custom of speaking and writing in a tongue " understood of the people " ? Some of us are weary of this semi-archaic, " came-the-dawn " sort of style, and growing even wearier of Toc H catch-words " human zoo," " blokage " and the worn-out army terms. Let us be men, not curiosities.

There, Mr. Editor, are my two heresies. I have, as I say, many more, perhaps even more serious, but these two, trifling though they be, do much to puzzle and possibly put off the newcomer. Everyman cannot learn a new language to join Toc H, and he does like things to be natural. We want Everyman.

Yours in Toc H,
PILOT.

* * *

We hope these letters will make you think, and, when you have thought, encourage you to set down your own ideas for these open columns.

A Works Service Bureau

DEAR EDITOR,

The article in the August JOURNAL by E. Woodbridge, "*Why not a Works Service Bureau?*" was very interesting and much to the point. It is evident that in all works, offices, factories, there are numbers of just the kind of men and women, who ought to be in Toc H, and the means of reaching and using this man-power is worthy of the most careful consideration.

Amongst other things, Woodbridge hits the nail on the head, however, in his remark on welfare work, with the ever present fear of a "catch" in it, and for this reason I do not think that the first move can be made by the employers, however sympathetic they may be, as otherwise Toc H tends to become something organised for you by someone else, and that way lies failure. Nor does it seem practical for deputations of members to call on heads of firms, who, in England at any rate, are approached by various bodies wanting to speak to the workers, and these usually view such efforts with disfavour, if not with absolute hostility.

I think that the spread of Toc H in business can best come through the efforts of existing members, who, with the exception of a very small minority, must all work somewhere with other people day by day; and then only when by quiet talks and hints they have fostered some interest or curiosity in just a sufficient number of their colleagues to form a nucleus. These few could then visit existing Branches including that of which their friend is a member, and if they are interested, a "grope" in the works might well follow, although probably not at the first effort.

But let the beginnings be slow. A Group started with a flourish of trumpets will always collect a number of probationers of the type who want to be in everything there is going, and who drop out in a more or less short time, compromising the stability of the whole effort; and if this is true of any Group, how much more is it true in a factory or firm where the individual who loses interest—

or, rather, who never had any interest—to justify himself, runs down the movement whenever it is mentioned?

We who are responsible for a business-house Branch know well the difficulties besetting this work. We have had many struggles and much joy in the task, which is a live one, with fresh problems to solve at every turn. Let no one think that a business Group can ever be like an ordinary District one where John meets Ginger and James and neither knows nor cares what is the other's daily work. In a firm or factory you know all about the other fellow, often too much, and the spirit of equality, that man-to-man spirit which we value so much in Toc H, is harder to find. There are other points which have to be gone into and overcome, of which it is not expedient to write here. The discipline and difference of rank necessary in business is one of them, but given the requisite will and right feeling, all these can be got over in time.

Concluding, if any members feel moved to make an effort in their work-day surroundings and think it might be helpful to hear something of our experiences in this direction, I shall be delighted if they will get into touch with me.

"NARRA."

"Maple" Branch.

"If We Fail"

DEAR EDITOR,

I think that it is about time that members stopped using the words, "If Toc H fail." It is an expression which is heard too frequently, but it is one which never ought to be allowed admission into our vocabulary, or even into our thoughts.

Christianity never failed even when its existence depended solely on the courage of a faithful few in the face of relentless persecution. What is true of Christianity is true of every section of it, Toc H being by no means the least. How many times has Toc H, after a false start in some place, failed to grow again when there was one man left to carry it on?

No sensible man embarking on a job allows thoughts of failure to enter his mind, nor does he need the spur of "If you fail," to make him do his best. Why then should he ever need to hear the words, "If Toc H fail"?

In the last analysis, remembering, as every

member knows in his heart, that Toc H has been founded by God, those words can only mean that we doubt God's ability to support what He has founded. And that is not right; it is, in fact, definitely wrong.

Sincerely,

LAY MEMBER.

MULTUM IN PARVO

Some important Staff changes were approved by the Central Executive on September 23:—REX CALKIN (London Secretary) to be *Deputy Administrator*; ALEC CHURCHER (Assistant London Secretary) to be *London Secretary*, with GEOFFREY MARTIN (Overseas Office) as *Assistant Secretary*; JOHN MALLEY (Assistant to Hon. Administrator) to be *Area Secretary, East Midlands and Lines.*, in place of COLIN STEVENSON, who goes to Manchester as *Assistant Secretary, North Western Area.*

RONALD GRANT (whom we hope to welcome back about October 12 from South Africa, where he has served for over two years as H.Q. Commissioner) will be *Southern Area Secretary*, but may return later to South Africa. STUART GREENACRE (Southern Area Secretary) will act as Joint Secretary with "Grantibus" for a short time: he then leaves for *Washington*. LESLIE WOOD (Warden, Mark V) becomes *Assistant Editorial Secretary* in place of COLLIN SMITH, who sails on October 1 for the United States.

The sincere wishes of us all go with TOM GARAWAY, who is resigning for family reasons the Toc H Chaplaincy he has held so long. His place at *Mark XXI, Derby*, will be taken by Padre R. G. HEAWOOD.

Padre HUMPHREY MONEY (L.W.H. Headquarters Padre) has been appointed to a living in Scotland and his address from early in December will be Holy Trinity Rectory, Stirling. The L.W.H., All Hallows, and Toc H friends will greatly miss him, but everyone will wish him well in his new work.

Congratulations to Capt. J. S. DONALDSON, (late St. Albans District Secretary) on being elected President of the *Institute of Electrical Engineers.*

All units are reminded of the invitation to join in THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT on November 2-3 (see August JOURNAL, p. 317). The Chain will start by the lighting of the Transvaal Provincial Lamp in St. Mary's Cathedral, Johannesburg at 9 p.m. on November 2. Units Westwards (i.e., Britain, W. Africa, Canada, U.S.A., and South America) will light their Lamps that night at 9 p.m. by their own time. When the other units in the Chain (i.e., from Australasia westwards round to Europe) light their Lamps at 9 p.m. on November 3, the Chain will have girdled the earth.

Now that winter approaches we want again to remind our readers that bundles of clothes and boots are urgently needed in the distressed areas of SOUTH WALES. They should be sent to the District Secretaries of North Glamorgan, Swansea or Cardiff for distribution.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BOYS' CLUBS has kindly offered to Supply speakers on boys' club work to Toc H meetings. Applications should be made to The Secretary, N.A.B.C., 27, Bedford Square, W.C.1.

We should be extremely grateful to any members possessing copies of the now out-of-print FEBRUARY, 1931, JOURNAL, and willing to supply the deficiency of the Editorial files with them, if they would forward them to the Editor at Headquarters.

THE BRITISH LEGION INDUSTRIES, 20, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, is prepared to supply a special wreath to Toc H units for use on Armistice Day or at other times. It takes the form of the Double Cross of Ypres (26 ins. in length), with a large bunch of Haig poppies attached. The price is 12s. 6d. post free. This will help disabled men.

DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

Letters from London and the South-Eastern and North-Western Areas will appear next month.

From Yorkshire

OF course, there is only one really exciting thing that has happened in England at all this month and that is the formation of a Toc H Cabinet to govern the country. It must be true because I saw a photograph of it in the *Times* the other day. Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, side by side, were so excited about it that they were both talking at once—and would not even stop at the command of the bogey man under the black velvet cloth! That it should have meant the severing of life-long friendship for three of the members is but one more example of the fact that Toc H is right in declaring that Fellowship and Sacrifice are linked inevitably together.

When such big events are happening in the world, to turn to the doings of our small county (however large it may seem to us) is to look through the wrong end of the telescope, but there is a real connection between the two lenses, for the Cabinet meetings in Downing Street and the clash of personalities in the present crisis have been the object of a sustained week of prayer, day and night, in St. George's Church, Leeds. Under the leadership of Padre Donald Robins, who once flew aeroplanes between Paris and Croydon, we have been allowed to maintain the night watches during three nights of the week by relays of men from the units of Leeds. It is entirely right that the Church should turn to us when the more arduous tasks are waiting to be done, and it is a fine demonstration that the activity of prayer can find its volunteers no less ready in response than the summons from a workhouse or a boys' club. The trumpet would turn to a sounding brass if we boasted of it, but it is good to know that it has happened.

Sheffield has been no wit behind Leeds in its partnership with the Churches, for the experiment made last year of Ramblers' Services held at Froggatt Bridge has again been made, and much good ground gained. Amongst those elusive folk who trudge the hills and dales, much the same methods were adopted as before. A picked team consecrated to the task at the altar upon the Sunday morning; a family breakfast, this time provided by the L.W.H.; then out in cars to the Bridge; hymn sheets to passers-by, and a choir formed; a short talk by a parish priest or minister, or by a Toc H member on the few occasions when these could not be released; and all done in the closest co-operation with the Secretary of the local Ramblers' Federation himself. So well were we received that the original plan to occupy July only in such a venture was extended to the end of August, and many a rambler has expressed his thanks. We are working slowly, however, and are in no hurry to develop into mass formation, for there are too many pitfalls for the wary in such Godly work. It is a real adventure, though, and two summers' experience has proved it well worth while.

Our deepest, and probably most powerful, experiences of the summer have been the Pilgrimages to Pop. What the Old House is going to mean for the whole family of Toc H lies in the womb of time, but it has already begun to mean for Yorkshire far more than these pages can tell. It is giving us creative ideas about the reality and work of the Elder Brethren; it is stimulating the quality of the self-giving of those two tiny groups of men who have visited it; it is strengthening our sense of the eternal Realities which stand behind things temporal; but its greatest immediate contribution is that there is being given to us, just at a time when we most needed it, the inspiration which only the Old House can give. We need the traffic routes of our organisation if we are to be one family, but we need flood-lighting as much as London if we are to see where we are going. The Pilgrimage Secretary has been our constant friend, but some detailed scheme of assisted passages alone can enable all who want to go next year to achieve their ambition. Next year a selection will be made from an "open list," so will any who would like to start saving up now please send their names to me as soon as possible?

Romance and Renovation in the Marks

The Old House has its counterpart in the Marks of to-day and the Houses of Yorkshire are destined to play an important part in the life of our family. The history of each of them has about it a halo of romance, for each is grappling with grave problems which only strong men will solve. But perhaps few exceed in romance and grimness the house at Halifax. Its first occupants were three adventurers who sat on biscuit boxes, cooked their own food, and slept in one room while the ghosts of thirteenth century cooks haunted the back parlour. For the last eighteen months Jolliffe Walker has been removing dry rot from floors and walls, discovering masterpieces by Titian, balancing the budget with the proceeds, and by sheer force of will has held us to our task, standing the siege of public indifference until we could unaided hold our heads high. Now romance has mastered even him, and he has left us for a fair maid who had him by the heels in a jiffy. Good luck to them both, and all our love and thanks to Jolli for what he has done. Our losses have been heavy this summer, for the beloved "Gaiters" has been given to Glasgow, and Reggie May to Sandhurst. Big men leave big gaps, but thanks be to God! for Canon Lindsay Dewar has come to York and Dr. Jarvis is coming to Sheffield. So what we lose on the swings we hope to make up on the roundabouts; but we shall miss those two even as we wish them good hunting.

Brotherton House is ours at last. And now the plumbers and decorators are busily engaged on the work of transformation. When they are done, there will be a nice little flat for the Padre and his family group of the Junior L.W.H., beds for 26 full grown hostellers, and a steward and his wife to observe the proprieties. There will be lots of bathrooms, a tennis lawn and a cabbage patch, so we shall have ample opportunities of a *fete champetre*, such as Mrs. Leo Hunter held for Mr. Pickwick, when once the house is open. It is to perform the double function of acting both as sparring partner to Red House, and as the centre for all the Area, and we are hoping that every member will come to regard it as his rightful home. The Area Padre has orders to stay still and be its Warden, so he will be broadcasting invitations to see him in his den.

A New Game and its Rules

The mellifluous Monty has charmed us all into two ventures which may bear rich fruit in the coming year. Not only has he persuaded the Pilots to impose upon themselves little examinations with written questions and answers which are discussed quarterly, but he has also invented a new game called Y.S.A.C. This consists in getting as diverse people as you can together in camp, preferably upon a high promontory overlooking the sea, and teaching them to live together, play games together, work together, and pray together, for a whole week. "Y.S.A.C." stands for "Yorkshire Schools and Clubs," and lads from the slums of Sheffield and Leeds mix with men from the Yorkshire Public Schools under self-chosen section leaders, and are followed up after the camp by their local Toc H units. The first game was very tiny as only 15 found they could play, but the results were so astounding that we are going to play it again next year, we hope with at least 50 people. It is a good climax to the winter's work of the Schools Section in the Area, and we thank the Duke of York for his originality! Talking of Schools, Padre Costain is coming to Huddersfield for a Schools Guest-night on October 9, so let any who are within the radius book the date.

Hats off to Wadworth and Kimberworth! After a gruelling grope period their Rushlights are alight. Hats off too to Alfreton, Skipton, and Keighley, for their Rushlights have grown into Lamps! Alfreton, alas, have gone to join their kinsmen in Derbyshire, where their Lamp will illumine an ever-expanding circle. We shall miss them tremendously and shall expect great happenings in their new surroundings. The new Sherwood District must look now to Chesterfield as the parent Branch for its growing life.

The Hull District has been blazing magically under Blazer's fatherly hand. The House itself has been blessed by the arrival of a fairy godmother, in the form of Nurse Scothern, whose cheering and robust influence has moved the hostellers to pay for the decoration of their own rooms, and has armed every visitor with a hammer and a pair of pliers for work upon lino and carpets. No man may go to Clarendon Street now without returning braced for work. The City Community Council is teaching some of the men the art of Poor Law Administration, so that one day they may visit with real knowledge those who need their help, and may themselves teach others "to study conditions civic, social, and religious." At the suggestion of the Council too, 24 slum boys have been the guests of the Ferriby Grove at week-end camps and have gone back cheered to their homes. The Branch probationers have themselves been holding a Guest-night, which has given many an idea to older hands. Two men from Czechoslovakia have been spending three months in the House, so that Toc H will be blossoming into Central Europe soon. The Padres of the units in the District have been celebrating Holy Communion in turn during the week, bringing with them their little corps of men. In fact, everywhere there is a new spirit of cohesion, both material and spiritual, which promises a strong advance this winter, and the only cloud in the sky is the departure of Padre Tytler, who has had to concentrate upon his parish in Bilton. Our thanks to him for all he has done, and the best of good wishes in his new job.

Progress Great : Problems Greater

Fifteen little clusters of men, well tested, are almost ready for their Rushlights, but the Yorkshire family is not yet as strong as it ought to be. There are big problems to be tackled and we cannot begin to carry weight until we are ten times as strong. Social surveys performed on behalf of the borough, however, the understudying of town councils, and the opening of a community house on the shores of the Humber through which Toc H is influencing every department of the civic life, are tiny straws which indicate what may one day be done when the gentle zephyr of our present activity has become a mighty wind.

The Coming Festival

Meanwhile, we are looking forward eagerly to the Second Birthday Festival, to be held in Leeds during the week-end December 5 and 6. Book it in your diaries and don't lose them ! The programme will be as follows :—

Saturday, December 5.

5.0 p.m.—Thanksgiving service in Leeds Parish Church. Preacher: Rev. Canon W. Thompson Elliott, Vicar of Leeds.

6.30 p.m.—Christmas Party in Cafés.

8.0 p.m.—A Guest-night in Leeds Town Hall. L.W.H. and friends invited.

Sunday, December 6.

8.0 a.m.—Holy Communion, Anglican and Free Church.

10.30 a.m.—Pulpits occupied by Toc H preachers.

3.0 p.m.—Toc H and L.W.H. Family Gatherings (separate).

Tubby is coming, and our Chief Guest is Lord Goschen, Chairman of the South Eastern Area Executive, late Governor of Madras, and fast friend of Toc H, both in India and England. Members will have full details sent to them later, and we shall do our best to see that they have straw and not wood for their pillows. Last year we were only playing at making festive ; this year we are going to enjoy ourselves ! So come and meet the rest of the family if you have to pawn your shirt to do it.

Talking of shirts reminds me that that article of clothing looks most attractive when the sleeves are rolled up above the elbow. Let us follow the clown's description of the Prince of Wales' motto this winter, *Ich Dien*—"my serve"—"says me" !

A. St. G. C.

From the South-Western Area

SINCE the last Despatch there has been not a little activity of one sort and another amongst the widely strewn units of this Area.

They went up from Somerset to the Festival at the Crystal Palace ; so they did from Dorset, from Devon and from Cornwall ; quite a number of them. Tiverton, Crewkerne, Sherborne and Falmouth received, with pride, their Lamps of Maintenance. It was a great experience, especially for those who had never before visited the metropolis. Two members from the far West, wishing to stretch their legs after the long railway journey, set out from Trafalgar Square to walk to the Crystal Palace. They were amongst those who felt distinctly tired at the end of the long day. All newcomers were very favourably impressed with the Capital, as seen on a fine morning in June. The parks and green open spaces were much admired ; so were the pictures of the Cornish Coast displayed at Paddington Station.

The South-Western Area Executive, now feeling their feet, have produced a booklet setting forth, in tabulated form, brief particulars concerning the 24 Branches and Groups in the Area ; mention is also made of two "groves," namely, Bideford (North Devon) and Chacewater (West Cornwall). Tubby Clayton in a foreword to the booklet says : "Its object clearly is to link the scattered units in a serviceable tether beyond the purview of the parish pump. Self-government now achieved brings its responsibilities : these must be shared by all who serve the Kingdom of God in Toc H throughout these fair counties."

Not only are the units scattered, but, in many cases, long distances separate one from the other ; for the South-West is a comparatively sparsely populated part of the country and it is not easy to keep in personal touch when units are placed as far as 100 miles away from Area Headquarters. Happily, our Area Padre and Hon. Commissioner are great travellers ; and at least one local representative on the Area Executive is in the way of being a Speed King, according to what one hears. On this question of distance it is interesting to meditate upon the great benefits which the motor car has conferred upon Toc H in an Area such as this. On horseback, it took John Wesley a long and immensely strenuous lifetime to set up an organisation not dissimilar in some respects to the one which Toc H has been able to establish in a brief decade.

The taking of the Census passed off quietly in the South-Western Area and to those with a taste for statistics it reveals, amongst other things, that, in proportion to the population, Toc H in the South West, with its 24 Branches and Groups, seems to hold its own with the rest of England in point of numbers of units. We take no special credit to ourselves nor do we rest content with this result. The fact is merely stated as an indication that the movement is taking hold of the West Country.

As to the actual jobs carried out recently by the various units ; it is not proposed for several reasons to attempt to catalogue these. Nevertheless, there are some things accomplished which deserve mention, either because of their special interest or because they show how discouragement has been disowned.

There is, for example, at Bridgwater a new Group whose inception seems to have been rather remarkable and which has reached its present healthy state through much toil and tribulation. At the outset the proposal to establish Toc H in Bridgwater does not appear to have been received with shouts of joy. A post-card invitation to attend a preliminary meeting was nearly tossed aside and forgotten because, like most people who help in a good work of any kind, the recipient felt that he had enough on hand as it was without taking on anything new. But, as so often happens in Toc H, he found himself, as he says, "drawn by some invisible wires."

Impressed by what they saw and heard at the meeting, four Bridgwater blokes felt that they must go on with it. Two dropped out later (one since returned) and the two who were left held their meetings on doorsteps and anywhere they could. No one seemed interested and the building up of a Group seemed a hopeless proposition.

But those invisible wires were still drawing the faithful pair and they got as far as obtaining the use of a meeting room. Report states that even this was not particularly helpful. "Ingress was usually obtained through a window, and ultimately the person from whom we hired it refused to let us have the use of it on the very eve of an important meeting to which we had invited the Taunton members." Awkward situation this, though by no means a new one. Somehow or other things went on, until at length people began to take notice. Now they have twenty members and a few probationers, most of them very young and enthusiastic; they also have a cottage of their own; what is more, they have the right spirit.

Redruth is another place where matters did not progress at first by leaps and bounds. In fact, at the preliminary meeting called to consider whether Toc H should be established in the town at all, a certain important personage got up and said there was absolutely no call for it. And he gave reasons; good reasons seemingly. Those who attended the meeting came away more or less saying to each other "Well, that's that." But again the idea stuck in the minds of two or three and now there is a squad of seven who, through hard times, have gone on with the job. "Held a jumble sale the other day," says the Secretary, "and raised about £5 10s. which is being used for giving 75 poor children a trip to the seaside." (Oh yes, there are plenty of youngsters even in Cornwall who don't see much else but bricks and mortar from one year's end to the other.) This act in itself, apart from other good jobs done, seems to indicate that the faithful few will find themselves justified.

Of special jobs in other places, Wellington have established contact with the Blackborough Home for Young Casuals; they also run a branch of the County Library in the town at which well over 200 books are issued on an average opening night. Crewkerne, among a lot of other useful work, carry on with their Showman's Club. Sherborne undertake the care and repair of wireless sets for the Blind, so do Weymouth, where there are 150 of such sets. At Yeovil the correct functioning of wireless sets is also understood, and they have the care of the wireless sets at the Hospitals as well of those of the Blind. They also run a Boys' Club and pay regular Sunday visits to the "Men of the Road" at the Casual Ward. Much mutual help seems to result from this. There is a good deal of professional hiking going on now in the West Country.

Week-Ends Quiet and Otherwise

At Paignton they have the job, amongst others, of attending to the War Graves at Brixham. Torquay, having received their Rushlight, are getting to work well and (perhaps even more important for a new Group) are getting to know one another better every week. Plymouth had a "quiet week-end" with Devonport members in the early spring; followed by a joint week-end camp in June where they discussed their problems in a true Toc H atmosphere of fair-mindedness. It is hardly necessary to add that good resulted. Falmouth also tried this week-end camp idea along with members of other units in West Cornwall. Area Padre Knock and Hon. Commissioner Jourdain were there and they found it good. In fact it was voted one of the best week-ends ever known. Rain came in the night, but the big tent didn't leak much, except over the place where the Secretary (because he looked tired) had been allowed to instal the only real bed in the camp. They were up bathing on the beach at Kennack Sands at 6 of a glorious Sunday and wondering how on earth people can lie in bed on a fine sunny morning.

Penzance have been busy getting Toc H introduced into the most westerly town in England, St. Just, which lies amongst the bleak hills of the Land's End. Being romantic, they also run what they term an annual Treasure Hunt for the benefit of the West Cornwall Hospital. At Tavistock they carry on with the regular Saturday night job of taking a bit of brightness inside the walls of Princetown Prison. Their correspondent concludes his remarks by saying: "We're all happy: so don't worry."

That encouraging statement sums up the general position in the South-Western Area.

From Wales

HOW time flies! Here we are again already looking forward to our Welsh Festival, which takes place at St. David's Church, Neath, on December 5. One sad event which clouds over the Welsh news is the passing over to the Elder Brethren of Sir Harry R. Reichel, Vice-President of the University of North Wales, and a Vice-President of Toc H. His loss will be felt deeply in Toc H North Wales, where he was greatly loved. The Area Rally at COWBRIDGE proved a happy family gathering, and the weather delightful, with plenty of fun and real comradeship. The Bishop of Llandaff (who has now become one of our Vice-Presidents) and Sir Geoffrey Byass were welcomed by the Mayor (a member of Toc H). The Bishop opened the Rally with a charming talk. This was followed by sports, with Toc H and L.W.H. causing great fun. The tug-of-war between Toc H units was specially appreciated. Then tea in the marquee was followed by "Grand Light," and Todd Thornbery, who had kindly come down to visit us, gave a fine talk on the heritage of Toc H: Family Prayers, and away home.

We are sorry to lose North Wales from the Area on becoming attached as a sub-division to the West Midland Area, but we recognise that it is only temporary until they become organised into a North Wales Area. It is impossible to do justice to North Wales from Headquarters at Cardiff, owing to geographical conditions, and also to the lack of full-time men to help them to extend in Toc H as they deserve, and as they can and will do in North Wales with the right man to help them. The latter will find a whole-hearted response to his work, and a large field to work in.

The Swansea District Camp for boys at Maudlam, a beautiful spot near the submerged town of Kenfig, is doing great work with 150 boys from Neath, Port Talbot, and Llanelli. The spirit of real comradeship and co-operation among the Toc H members running the camp was especially noticeable. It was easy to see that they were all out to make it the success which it certainly proved to be. Thanks also to Dr. Llewellyn, Port Talbot, who never missed inspecting the boys once a day.

At Caswell Bay the MORRISTON Branch is showing what it is capable of doing, and has a camp of 75 boys, who simply revel in the sea at that most lovely bay. While visiting the camps two lone Toc H'ers were discovered—one the District Secretary of North Glamorgan at Porthcawl, where he was found looking fit and brown, munching cake with two patrols of Pontypridd Scouts, the other our old friend Stan. Scott, in a field at Maudlam, who had the Llandaff scouts and about a dozen poor boys under his care: good luck to both!

Toc H in Wales is going well and progressing. We have six Groves applying for Group status: CHEPSTOW, RISCA, LLANBRADACH, TREHARRIS, LLANTWIT VARDRE, and PONTRHYDFENDIGAID. The District Committees are getting down to it, and taking hold, and more inter-visiting is being done and also individual visiting, which is so essential. In fact, we are holding our end up; we know we have a long way to go, but we are getting there, and no one is satisfied with themselves, thank goodness.

I fyrr fo'r nod ("Upward be the aim").

Cardiff District

The CARDIFF District, comprising twelve units, is still carrying on, and through Guest-nights, implosions, and cricket matches is getting the fellowship, which is the foundation of our Family, well under way. The old jobs are still being done, and new ones found. Boys' Clubs are being run with success, and we are now all busy with the Boys' Camp, altogether about 200 kiddies will be taken, most of whom will be by the good old briny during the month of August. We are becoming better known every month. A large number of our blokes went to the Festival, and it is rumoured that no less than three of them got locked in the Crystal Palace, and actually took a peacock for a policeman on the Terrace somewhere near midnight.

The Welsh Rally held at Cowbridge on July 11, when there were about 450 present, was a huge success. Sports were the feature in the early afternoon. After a fine tea, provided by the "Red Dragon"—Mine Host being a member of the local Group—Todd Thornbery took the floor, and gave what to the writer was a Toc H classic. The pity is that it was not taken down in shorthand, so that it could be passed on. His talk will be remembered for many a day by those who were privileged to hear him, and that he will always be a welcome guest in Toc H Wales goes without saying.

Swansea District

The District of LLANELLY, SWANSEA, MORRISTON, NEATH and PORT TALBOT has progressed well, and is in a healthy state. With just a thought regarding winter (not that we have had summer yet!), it appears that much is under way for the future and Toc H in this District is in a state that gives much happiness. However, much remains to be done, for the District is never satisfied, so we go on thus hoping for greater things as time goes on.

This year, as in previous years, the blokes of Neath, Llanelly, and Port Talbot are here in camp at Maudlam, with 150 poor boys. Blokes erected tents on Thursday and Friday, and on Saturday the boys and members arrived. The work goes well, great weather, great grubbing all coaling up; and camp routine may be of interest. Up with the lark, wash (without shirts), P.T., breakfast, cleaning camp, kit inspection, bathing, dinner, cricket, sports, tea, bathing and games, supper, community singing, boys' prayers, and then the boys' good-night, "Light" and Family prayers for members. And after, we hobnob, seeking the beauty of God's good garden, having at this time a little space for meditation on the day. So Life goes here, and at the going down of the sun and in the morning we remember them.

West Wales District

Nothing particularly startling has happened in this District since Wales last appeared in the limelight of the JOURNAL. We have a new Group awaiting official approval, PONTRHYD-FENDIGAID, this unit being an offshoot of Aberystwyth, and according to all accounts a healthy child. On July 25 we held our first Summer Rally for the District, and we all hope it will be an annual event. It is financially and geographically difficult for our units to join in with a South Wales event, and we must perforce have our own shows—no matter how small they must be. On this occasion some 40 members and their friends turned up at Cilgwyn, Newcastle Emlyn, the beautifully situated residence of Colonel E. C. L. Fitzwilliams, C.M.G., and Mrs. Fitzwilliams, who very kindly put their house and grounds at our disposal for the afternoon. Col. the Hon. H. S. Davey, C.M.G., came from Bath and gave us a very illuminating talk after tea. After an interesting discussion we went our several ways, one and all determined that the event must be repeated next year, but with a better attendance. The Fishguard contingent turned up in great force, and the Aberystwyth fellows made a fair muster, but the other units found it difficult to send many members.

Monmouth District

The Monmouth District has two new Groves, CHEPSTOW and RISCA, both of which are going ahead on the right lines, and have a solid nucleus. Owing to the long distance between units, it is hard to get together or visit one another very often, but we hope soon to be able to link up more effectually. A District Guest-night was held at PONTYPOOL, but, owing to this same reason, the Family gathering was small. This District will now have the honour of being the Guardian of the Lamp of Maintenance for Wales in the Cathedral. This duty will be especially undertaken by the NEWPORT Branch.

North Glamorgan District

Twenty months have passed by since this District came into being, and the time has been full of activities on the part of each unit. One sign for joy is that the Services of Re-Dedication are being held by the various units—a sign that tells of life and interest. Several more will very soon be making final arrangements for their respective birthdays, and as experience suggests that each unit celebration is an improvement, Toc H members in the District look forward to joyous times during the coming months. Pat Leonard visited the District in May, and the meeting held at PORTH on the occasion was really very wonderful. Over 200 attended and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent. Incidentally, the visit of Sir Geoffrey Byass to the meeting was much appreciated, as also was the presence of fellows from Cardiff and Newport.

Contacts have been effectual and Gropes formed at LLANTWIT VARDRE and TREHARRIS. The winter months will, of course, offer greater opportunities for extension. The Chairman and Secretary propose visiting each unit during September and October, and the burden of their message will be the need for extending the influence of Toc H in the District. The coming of Toc H into North Glamorgan has been favourably reflected on all branches of social and religious life. Hospitals have benefited, welfare societies have been assisted, and all organisations, where unselfish service can find outlets, testify that the influence of Toc H has been exerted in efforts to help the work undertaken by them. Men have grown almost unconsciously into brothers and in the happiness of the family life have joyously undertaken jobs because of their love for their fellows. It is, perhaps, true to say that despite the very serious trade depression prevailing, Toc H is flourishing, and because of its high aims and deep love it will continue to flourish and extend in North Glamorgan.

North Wales District

Sir Harry Reichel (Nestor), of Bangor Group, has passed on, and with proud thanksgiving we honour his memory. North Wales owes its education system to him, and we in Toc H owe a great deal to his natural wisdom and great kindness.

Barkis visited us recently; we had a wonderful meeting of the blokes at Bangor, and—in the words of the current song—"something good will come of that." The BANGOR Group excelled themselves and Barkis on the top of his form made everyone feel very humble and grateful to belong to Toc H. Later Wynne Jones came up from South Wales to COLWYN BAY for a District Committee meeting, having visited several of the North Wales units on his way. Units are carrying on steadily with jobs, but perhaps the best sign in the District is the spread of the true Toc H spirit. We feel sure that the deepening advocated by Tubby is occurring and the spreading will come in time. The value of a corporate job as a "spreader" as well as a "deepener" seems to be well illustrated in a job carried out by the Coventry blokes and Toc H Emmas. They brought to Colwyn Bay 260 children, who had never before seen the sea, for a day, and the Colwyn Bay and Colwyn Blokes and Toc H Emmas arranged things at their end and provided bucket and spade for each child, together with lots of bats and balls and ships. They also acted as visitors, guides, and attendants, and we saw one hard-worked old car tearing about the promenade with as many as eleven youngsters draped around it. The youngsters did enjoy themselves, and were packed into their train at night tired and happy, with bags of fruit to stay the pangs of youthful hunger in the homeward journey. It was a memorable day both for the youngsters and those who had been entertaining them. The blokes and Toc H Emmas were a happy family looking after their charges and, not least, Toc H found many friends that day. The response in Colwyn Bay to the request for spades and buckets was wonderful, and gifts—in kind and cash—just poured in. If only we could establish a North Wales Camp where we could have kiddies likethese for a fortnight at a time! (See Plate XLIII).

THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

Africa

THE fine service for the Lighting of the South African Memorial Lamp of Toc H in the Chapel of All Souls, Johannesburg Cathedral, was the occasion of a great gathering of members and friends. The Bishop of Johannesburg assisted, Padre Kinsey gave an inspiring address, and Owen, a blind ex-Service member of Yeoville Branch, first lit this new Lamp, from whose kindling the World Chain of Light will be sent upon its way in November.

The Eastern Province Provincial Executive which met for its half-yearly conference at Queenstown from June 12 to 14, had much important and lasting work to do. Chief among their decisions was that relating to the proposed constitution of a South African Headquarters, when the plan of a permanent Executive Committee of the Hon. Assistant Administrators of Provinces to take co-ordinating control of Toc H South Africa, with an Hon. Headquarters Commissioner as permanent chairman, was widely approved. The Provincial Secretary stressed the need for bringing in more young probationers to form the nucleus and support of the Toc H of future years.

At Sea

Another Toc H letter from the High Seas is sent by Bob Cave, Registrar of South Australia, on board s.s. *Chitral* off Colombo :

"A few days ago we were at Aden, where Padre Ball, the Group padre and one of those who helped Tubby to send out invitations for the very first meeting in London, came on board to see me. We had a great old yarn. At Aden, too, a Naval stoker joined us. He had been in hospital there with heat-stroke. He said the stoke-hold was up to 180°, and after coming on deck he fell down and knew nothing more. One evening when things were very flat (we've only got 23 passengers in the second saloon), I thought that to get a move on we might have *Under the spreading chestnut tree* with actions. As soon as I had started, I noticed that the stoker knew it, and on my asking, he said he had found Toc H on the *Effingham*. He is not a member yet, but hopes to be initiated in Madras, where he knows many Toc H fellows."

So Toc H the Seven Seas proves itself a true enough reality in fact even if it has not yet found its way into the mazes of the Secretaries' list.

Canada

We are very glad to print the following explanatory notes from Major Longstaffe, Pilot of Victoria, B.C., Branch, which will help those at home and those going to Canada to appreciate the background to some of the special conditions and problems which Toc H has to meet there :—

"The name 'Canada' was first given to the two Colonies of Upper and Lower Canada, which after 1867 became the Province of Ontario and the Province of Quebec respectively. In 1867, the year of Confederation, the Colonial name of Canada was chosen to become the title of the new Dominion, and in the same year the Maritime (Eastern or Atlantic) Colonies became the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The Pacific Coast Colony of British Columbia entered the Dominion in 1871 as the Province of British Columbia, just after the territory which now constitutes the three prairie Provinces was added to the Dominion and the Province of Manitoba thus brought into being. Its northern boundary was not extended to Hudson Bay until 1912, and the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were only created in 1905 out of part of the old North-West Territories.

"We will suppose the reader is entering the Straits of Belle Isle (between Newfoundland on the south and Labrador on the north) on his way to Montreal, situated about 800 miles south-west up the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. The City of Quebec is passed about twelve hours before Montreal is reached, for this approach omits the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick altogether, and the old Intercolonial Railway from St. John to Montreal.

"Branches of Toc H are found in the cities of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria, while there are Groups from Halifax to North Vancouver and many Groups.

"One of the fresh factors a person from the Old Country comes up against is that of the great distances between cities in Canada. While London is only 226 miles from Plymouth, 300 from Carlisle and 700 from Thurso, Montreal is separated from Vancouver City by 2,885 miles of railway, from Victoria by 2,968, Winnipeg 1,411, Toronto 340, St. John, N.B. 481, Regina, 1,768 (with Saskatoon 172 miles north of Regina), Calgary, 2,243 (Edmonton 194 miles north of Calgary), and so on. The crossing of Canada is a long journey, about four days without a break, and about 22 successive engines are required to haul the train. There are several daily trains doing the whole journey. One train leaves Montreal at 10.15 p.m. and, starting on Monday, it will arrive at Vancouver City on the following Friday at 9.15 p.m. About twelve duplicates of each train are required to maintain the service. Owing to the great distances, railway travelling across the Dominion is only within reach of the comparative few, besides civil servants and commercial travellers."

The Groups in Alberta met together during the week-end of Victoria Day, May 24, which is a public holiday in Canada, for the second annual Convention at Sylvan Lake. All the members being gathered after journeys of a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles, a camp-fire meeting was held on the lake shore on Saturday night, and Innisfail Group were presented with their Rushlight. With the waves lapping on the shore a few feet away, the stars brilliantly shining in the quiet night sky, and the warm glow of the camp-fire flickering around the company, the setting for the Ceremony of Light was unique and very beautiful.

The next day an inspiring address from the Rev. J. M. Roe, Provincial Pilot, was read, and afterwards reports were received from each Group. In spite of the quietness of midsummer, Calgary and Hillhurst were well-established and a real source of power in the city of Calgary when service was to be done. Edmonton, after many ups and downs due to the lack of contact which the great spaces enforce upon isolated Groups, had a steadily growing membership and a healthy life. Innisfail, which lies between these two other cities, was doing sterling work, and was now no longer the youngest unit, since the coming of a still newer Group 250 miles away at Medicine Hat. This latter had since been visited by two carloads of Calgary members—an implosion of some 500 miles. Pincher Creek showed possibilities of re-birth, and there was a strong contact at High River, the nearest town to the Prince of Wales' Canadian Ranch. The reports showed an optimistic tone despite many difficulties and set-backs, and despite the frequent removals of old members through the necessities of the depression. They showed also a determination to consolidate and a resolve to spread the movement bravely throughout the Province in so far as lay in their power.

India and Malay

In view of the work done by a group of the Calcutta Branch in studying conditions among beggar lepers in the City, Mr. Sen's recent talk on the work of the C.M.S. among lepers was particularly interesting. He stressed the terrible menace presented by the vast army of lepers in the East. In advanced stages, they may be recognised and avoided, but the danger lies in the large number who outwardly show no signs of the disease and move about freely among their fellow-men, passing on the germs to healthy people. The one way to combat this scourge is by complete segregation, but apart from the two dispensaries maintained by the C.M.S.,

the only other institution set aside for lepers in Calcutta is the asylum at Golva, which can only accommodate some 150 curable patients.

In Malay, too, Toc H has met this terrible problem, and a picked team of members has already made quite a number of visits to the Leper Settlement near Singapore, each time taking a good supply of useful goods and toys along with them. Here is a short impression by one of their number: "Everything has been greatly appreciated. The fancy dress outfit (a sort of Robin Hood costume) has given the Settlement conjurer a new lease of life. Children's toys, gramophone records and worn tyres have also been taken out for the children to play with, and the delight they give is beyond words. As an extra to the kind of things one can extract from friends, I have been lucky enough to obtain a supply of damaged fruit. This is distributed chiefly to the sick wards and children. In order to stimulate our generous friend, I took him out to the Settlement to see his unsaleable fruit disappearing. Since that visit the quality of the fruit has improved. The Settlement is publishing a monthly magazine which is to be almost entirely their own handiwork and will be sold for \$1. The good work that is being done within its walls is far beyond my powers to describe."

Another excellent Malayan job is the Kuala Lumpur Wing Street Boys' Club. It is interesting to note in its annual report that the Post Office Savings Bank books of six boys, members of the Club, show an aggregate balance of \$68. So it seems that the purpose of the Club—to instil ideas of self-support and self-respect—is in reality slowly and firmly making itself felt.

Simla-Delhi Group ran a Pagal Tennis Tournament on June 12, with some novel and extraordinary rules never before seen upon the tennis-court. The greatest surprise was the informal visit of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess Willingdon, who added greatly to the happy and informal enjoyment of the evening. The idea proved a tremendous success from a Toc H point of view. There are certain difficulties peculiar to Simla; Society seems to be divided up into definite groups which at times appear almost water-tight. But on this evening one could see high officials of the Government of India, Indian and European ladies, subordinates of various departments, merchants, bank-managers, padres, of different creeds and many nationalities, all absolutely at home and mingling together in cheerful and friendly sport. "That was quite encouraging," is the Group's verdict, and we echo it.

New Zealand

A tremendously varied and interesting series of reports have been collected from units by the New Zealand Domex, as their executive committee is cryptically known. Auckland Group have been concentrating on the relief of 26 more distressed families, for whom they collected 72 sacks of coal and 24 sacks of wood in a single day, and for whose use also they received a wagon load of old clothes in answer to their appeal. Wanganui are working on much the same line, collecting and distributing food for the Red Cross, while Wellington have undertaken an arduous but splendid job at the Men's Shelter. Three members are on duty there in shifts all day and night to help the 150 nightly visitors, and prepare the meals for even larger numbers of destitute men. Some of these have come to the Toc H Rooms as guests, and in some small way have themselves insisted on doing a Toc H job.

The youngest Grope, Lower Hutt, have with great ambitions taken over a disused cottage to be transformed into a real Toc H Fellowship House. Each week they distribute one sheep to nine poor families. Nelson Group spent the King's Birthday chopping wood and gardening, another side to their other relief and scouting activities; besides which they have for nearly a year risen early by turns to care for a paralysed and helpless man. At Little River Group, two Maoris are probationers; and Dunedin members work at the Orphanage and unemployment depots.

All this work and much more is done by the comparatively small but intensely keen body of about 170 members in the Dominion.